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MR. OLYMPIA



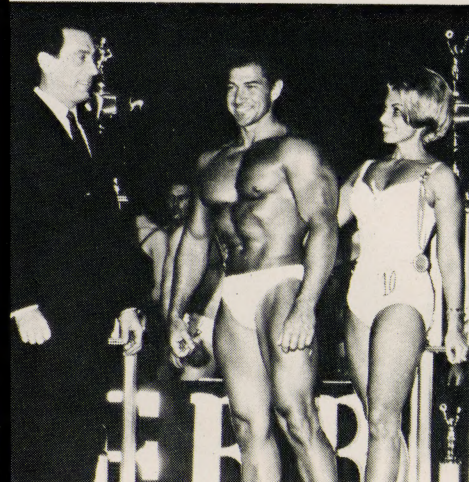
Larry Scott, "Mr. Olympia," was a 136-lb. skinny weakling. He wrote for my free information—just as you should—and now weighs 205 lbs. with 20-inch arms! One of the world's best-built men ever! **How about you?**

MR. UNIVERSE



Dave Draper, "Mr. America," once was a fat slob—weighing 255 lbs. Then he wrote for my free information and now weighs 235 lbs., 20½-inch arms, a 55" chest, 32" waist. A real champ! **Why wait? Rush!**

MR. UNIVERSE



Reg Lewis, "Mr. Universe," was kicked around because of being skinny, only 138-lbs., and weak. But he sent for free information, now weighs 205 lbs. and is a real champ! **Why not you!**

THEY ANSWERED A WEIDER AD—GAINED 3 INCHES TO THEIR ARMS —4 INCHES TO THEIR CHEST— IN 7 SHORT WEEKS! YOU TOO?

You, too—just like these champions—can now own a handsome, muscular body—fast! You, too, can now finally follow the exact same instructions these champs did, and in just 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own home, you can instantly slap on 4 inches to your chest and 3 inches to each arm, give yourself lifeguard shoulders, muscularize your waist, get speedy legs, and exercise your body. The techniques are simple, there's nothing complicated, just downright enjoyable!

I don't care if, today, you own the scraggiest, flabbiest or funniest body—whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young. If you send, under no obligation, for my absolutely free 32-pages of muscle building information, I guarantee you that virtually over-night you will experience a muscle-building miracle; before your eyes, you will see handsome muscles bursting out all over you. They will ripple with power, burst with energy—and for the first time in your life men will envy your body, women admire it, because at last you own a body that brings you fame instead of shame. Let me help you as I did these

champions—who were also weaklings—to put an end to your weakness and shame. Write now for my free information—you'll be so happy you did! After all, you have nothing to lose but your weakness!

A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength—make your first He-Man Decision N-O-W! Fill out the coupon right now, rush it to me, and in hours I will send you absolutely free—at my own expense—the exact same muscle building information I sent to these and numerous champions, and to over 5 million other successful students. I am known as the most successful trainer of champions. I have been turning weaklings into "Mr. America's" and "Mr. Universe's" successfully since 1936. Don't pass up this once-in-a-lifetime proven successful offer to trade in your body for the one you always dreamed of having. Remember, you will be following in the proven, safe, scientific footsteps of the World's Best Built Men. So hurry! Put an end to your weakness now. Send for my sensational free offer—good only to males between 13 and 75 in normal good health. This is the most time-tested, results-producing course of all time!

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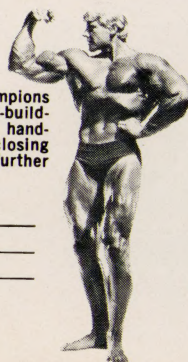
Dear Joe: Shoot the works! I agree, that just like the champions before me, I want to be a New Man! Rush me your free muscle-building information that I can use right now at home to build a handsome body. I have checked the gains I want to make. I'm enclosing 25c to cover handling and mailing charges. I am under no further obligation in any way.

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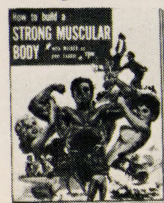
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Here's the kind of body I want (Check as many as you wish).

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O4D

1

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HAVE YOU SEEN THIS COUPON BEFORE?

It has helped to start many men and women on the road to higher pay. Just looking at it won't get you anything... but putting it in the mail may change your whole future!



The LaSalle coupon is one of the most often-seen coupons in America. To many of those who have already mailed it, it has proved a first step to opportunity and good fortune. Isn't it time that *you* sent it on its way — and set in motion a practical program for your *own* success?

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For Men Only

Vol. 19 No. 4

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editor

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managing editor

GENE YETTER
associate editor

LARRY GRABER
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IRWIN LINKER
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TRUE

- GIRLS WHO SKI IN THE NUDE**.....Grant Freeling 12
Nothing is impossible for the boldest women on skis, now that they have experienced the sensations of zooming up and down the mountain trails naked—and are drawing an unprecedented number of guys to winter resorts for "turn-on" sex weekends.
- "I'LL REPOSSESS YOUR CAR AT 3 AM"**.....George S. 18
The new breed of bill collectors stop at nothing to get what they claim you owe them—even if they have to drain you of your last penny and turn your family, friends and boss against you.
- A WW II AMERICAN OFFICER'S ASSIGNMENT: "KIDNAP THE NAZI COLONEL WHO TORTURED THOUSANDS"**.....Chris Thompson 22
Hitler's "chief" of terror tactics had nearly crushed the Norwegian Underground, when the Allies chose Bayliss to get him out from behind enemy lines—dead or alive!
- THOSE "DO-GOOD" CULTURAL FOUNDATIONS: BILLIONAIRE DODGE THAT MAKES YOU PAY HIGHER TAXES**.....Hy Kramer 24
By putting money into foundations, financial barons save tremendous amounts in taxes—and if we don't do something about changing our current tax structure, the money we pay Uncle Sam to make up the difference will bankrupt us all.
- THE BATTLE FOR GOLD IN YUCATAN'S "TEMPLE OF SKELETONS"**.....Jerry Wayne 28
Bug-eyed at the sight of all the bullion in the hidden chamber of the Mayan temple, they each vowed secretly it would be theirs alone. Little did they realize that mysterious forces of retribution were already in motion, awaiting their first mistake.
- A HOUSE DOG'S 2,000-MILE "SAVAGE JOURNEY" TO FIND HIS MASTER**.....Tom Christopher 33
When the Riordans moved from Ohio to Seattle, they left their Labrador retriever behind. But the dog wanted no part of it, and set out on a trek that changed him from a happy-go-lucky pet into a wild beast determined to survive.
- YANK SEAMAN WHO SAVED A HUMAN CARGO SHIP**.....Joe Dugan 38
The ship's controls gone and its passengers at the brink of uncontrollable panic, Farmer strapped on his life vest and tackled the murderous storm raging across the horizon.

SMASH BOOK BONUS

- A "DEATH DRUG" GANG TERRORIZES THE MIDWEST—THE EXTERMINATORS**.....Roland Empey 16
He was a good cop, a veteran "narco" agent, but when it came to "busting" the kill-crazy foreign gangsters who were taking over the billion-dollar illegal drug market in the U.S., he became marked as a good "dead" cop.

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

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Pornography is being "discovered" by more and more females, who claim it stimulates them and unleashes passions they were never previously aware of.

FMO GLOBAL REPORT

- WORLD'S GREATEST SEX PARTNERS: THOSE LIBERATED, ANYTHING-GOES JAPANESE GIRLS**.....Mort Essex 40
Bringing together the best techniques of the East and West, Japanese women are waiting with an unforgettable sex package for American travelers.

SIZZLING SEX FICTION

- VICKIE'S FAVORITE PIMP**.....Wayne C. Ulsh 20
A cutthroat hood, he lived off the earnings of prostitutes and made slaves out of his stable of girls. A hooker quit Harry one way—she was carried out feet first.

SPOTLIGHT FOCUS

- PLAYING HOUSE WITH JANICE**.....25
This is a game our Janice Tompkins takes very seriously, because in it she gives her all—free run of her cottage and the swimming pool in the garden, etc. Naturally, she likes her men to add some "spice" to the scene.

FEATURES

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THIS IS A TRUE STORY*

All details in our file #3789. Only the name of the Universal graduate has been changed to respect his desire for privacy . . . Ed.

HOW TED VERNON AVERAGES \$20,000 WORKING 6 MONTHS A YEAR

NO COLLEGE! NO SELLING!
NO EXPERIENCE!

When Ted Vernon* walked to a mailbox that day in his small home town, the things he wanted seemed far beyond his reach. Like lots more money, freedom from his dead-end job, independence and security, a new future.

Chances looked dim. Ted had no college. His only experience was his old job. And he was already past 40.

Yet, when Ted Vernon mailed his envelope, everything he dreamed of suddenly became possible. *It was the single most profitable act of his life.* Yet all he did was mail a coupon like the one at the bottom of this page.

Free book put Ted on road to big income

The coupon brought Ted the same fascinating Free Book you can have in just a few days. It's an eye opener! It tells the story of a world of opportunity all around you in the booming Accident Investigation field.

It was all new to Ted. He'd hardly even heard of Accident Investigation. Yet Ted Vernon felt he had found his perfect opportunity.

And he had! Soon Ted was forging ahead fast in his new exciting career. His first full year he made \$14,768.72. Since then he's averaging \$20,000 working about six months a year. The rest of the time he relaxes and takes it easy.

He learned secrets of success in 30 minutes

Ted skimmed through Universal's Free Book in 30 minutes and changed his life. He learned many money-making facts! But the three big points that headed Ted to his success are:

- Accident Investigation is a \$19 billion dollar industry booming to new heights every year. It's safe from layoff, recessions and automation—accidents continue no matter what.
- More men are urgently needed to investigate some 22 million accidents each year.
- For more than 20 years, Universal's training-by-mail has been the path to success for thousands of men in this high-pay field.

So there it was—the opportunity of a lifetime. Ted grabbed it—fast. He enrolled for Universal's by-mail training at the mere cost of cigarette money.

It was surprisingly easy. Ted simply studied his brief, interesting lessons at home in his spare time, at his own pace. He didn't risk a single paycheck because he kept right on with his old job until he could start making money quickly in Accident Investigation.

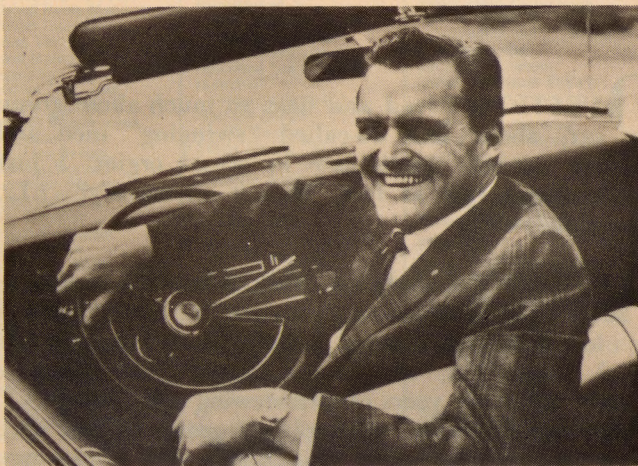
Ted Vernon's income is unusually high and not typical of the industry. He's a busy specialist in storm loss adjusting. But it does show the big potential in this great field even for men with no college and no experience. Read these reports from recent Universal students:

"My income has more than doubled."

—J. T. Woodruff of Louisiana.

"Thanks to you, I was contacted by 17 top companies."

—Donald Doris of Illinois.



"My income averages \$1,200 to \$2,000 a month."

—Ed Crouch of California.

"A raise every three months for the next two years, plus new car and expense account."

—Oscar Singletary of Georgia.

"My salary has increased by 63%."

—Marcel Roy, Canada.

Send for your free opportunity book today

Mail coupon below to get your Free Book that started Ted Vernon to big-money success. Read about the exciting full time or part time opportunities. Stories of successful Universal students with names and locations; about Universal's Free Placement Service which places more men in the field than any other school. How to start your own full or part time business.

But act quickly. Take the first step to the big money field. Mail your coupon today.

MAIL NOW FOR YOUR BIG, FREE BOOK

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6801 Hillcrest, Dallas, Texas 75205

Please rush my Free Book on earnings and opportunities in Accident Investigation. No obligation. No salesman will call.



Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

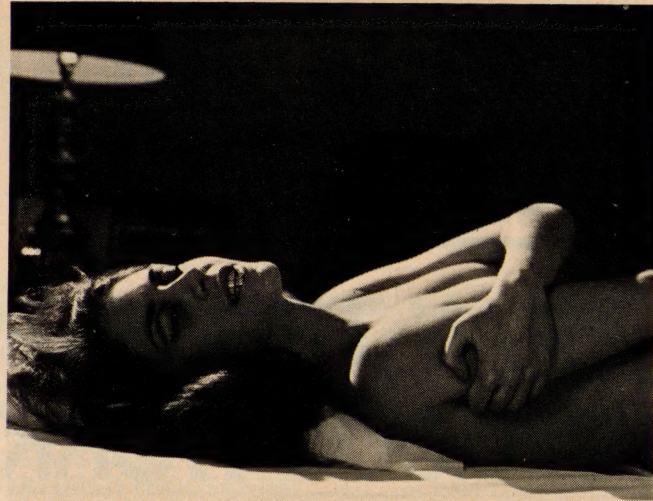
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SEX answers for men only



By Dr. Alfred Symonds

QUESTION: I read and hear so much about group sex, about how so-called "swinging" men and women actually participate in sexual orgies. I just can't accept this as fact. Isn't it all fantasy?—J.L., Cleveland, Ohio

ANSWER: Absolutely not. Various impartial researchers have documented group sex, the latest material coming from two married writers, Herb Margolis and Paul Rubenstein, who have authored "The Groupsex Tapes" after two years of interviewing 638 "swingers." They found women who told of going to bed with nine men in one night, and noted that while men have a hard time talking women into such activity at first, once in it, the women run the show. The writers claim that their own egos could not take "swinging" but that they saw some positive effects, such as: "It destroys the stud theory . . . it takes the possession out of sex . . . it keeps sexually soured marriages going." Not only is group sex happening, it's on the increase. The reason for this, according to Margolis and Rubenstein, probably has something to do with the increase in leisure time.

QUESTION: A friend of mine who came over from Australia recently told me that there's a certain kind of flower a woman can eat that will have the same effect on her that birth control pills would. She's pulling my leg, right?—Gloria G., Eastchester, N.Y.

ANSWER: Well, she's not just making it up. American and Australian scientists have begun investigating an ancient aboriginal legend which they believe could hold an answer to the world problem of overpopulation. According to the legend, a woman who chews the seeds of a common Australian orchid—*cymbidium madidum*—will be unable to bear children. But I advise you not to try it until someone comes up with conclusive proof that the seeds actually work. Otherwise, your wife might wind up pregnant—not to mention a susceptibility to indigestion.

QUESTION: I've been going with this guy for about six months and the other day I walked into his apartment (I have a key) and overheard him on the telephone. He was making an obscene phone call! I confronted him immediately, and he told me he'd done it several times and thought it was "fun," that he considered it his "hobby." Now, I'm broadminded when it comes to sex, but I think this kind of thing is a little sick. Don't you agree?—(Name Withheld On Request)

ANSWER: Your boyfriend is more than "a little sick." His "hobby" is an indication that he has problems. Try to suggest to him that he seek psychiatric help. And you might mention that what he considers "fun" could put him in jail.

QUESTION: Will it ever be possible for a couple to choose the sex of their unborn children?—Peter Hoff, Macomb, Ill.

ANSWER: Medical science promises it will be possible in the near future. However, it may not be such a good idea. The fact is, more couples would choose boys, resulting in a surplus of about 300,000 males per year. Amitai Etzioni, professor of sociology at Columbia University, believes that such a shift would effect far-reaching changes upon the ingredients of U.S. society. For one, women in our society are the culture bearers: they read more books, go to the theater and to church more often, assume greater responsibility for the education of children. Men, on the other hand, commit a greater proportion of violent crimes. If the population balance shifted in favor of men, Professor Etzioni believes, the result might be "a society with some of the rougher features of a frontier town." The downgrading of culture and the acceleration of crime would "magnify social problems which are already overburdening our society." Further developments would increase sex crimes, prostitution and, of course, homosexuality among men unable to find suitable female partners.

(Continued on page 82)

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WHAT A WORLD

Are you interested in sex with motel maids, the mystery of Loch Ness, a bedmate for you and your wife, the human-bomb skyjacker and an incredible guerilla breakout? You'll find them here — and everything else that's wild, weird and wacky in the world

ISLANDS OF SEX—With all the publicity wife swappers and single swingers are getting in the newspapers and magazines across the country, the big thing is to find some privacy. Many of the sex clubs are chipping in, buying deserted islands located in many lakes in the U.S., then building a community house for themselves. At least once a month the groups will retire to their island for a long weekend of the mix-and-match type of sex they seem to prefer. With enough bedrooms built into their house to ac-



comodate everyone, the parties they throw are considered the last word. Using the main living room-dining room for warm-ups—such as showing porno movies or stripping down and indulging in unrestrained foreplay—the group will wait until it's completely worked up before pairing off and wandering into one of the convenient bedrooms. One couple, two couples, mass group gropes—whatever they have on their minds is all right with all. Big thing is that their secluded, private island makes it absolutely certain there'll be no unwelcome interruptions — legal or otherwise.

SIX-HOUR MID-AIR FIGHT WITH A SKYJACKER—Wildest attempt to hijack an airplane came recently when a shotgun wielding passenger took over an Air Canada plane on the Vancouver-Toronto run. Armed not only with the gun, the hijacker claimed he was wired with dynamite that would blow them all up if he was interfered with. For six hours the plane zigzagged between Can-

ada and the U.S., while the hijacker made his demands for a million and a half in cash for the Irish Republican Army. The 118 passengers and 9 crewmen sweated it out until, finally, the passengers were permitted to get out at Great Falls, Montana, where \$50,000—raised by bankers—was waiting. When the plane was airborne once more, the hijacker gave up his idea of being flown to Ireland and announced he was going to bail out. Asking for a knife to cut open a package he said contained his chute, the desperado was offered a fireaxe instead. When he put down his shotgun to take the axe, the gun was grabbed and the hijacker was subdued by the purser and his assistant. Screaming, "I'll blow you all up," the man fought like a tiger—and it took a swipe to his head with the fireaxe to quiet him down. When it was all over, it turned out the hijacker wasn't kidding—they found the dynamite he claimed he had.

MOTEL MAID CALL GIRLS—Next time you check into a motel, it might pay to give your chambermaid a double-take. Roughly 70% of all motels employ girls who not only make up the beds, but know how to mess them up pretty expertly too. Call girls have discovered it's a lot easier to have their customers register legally than take the risk of a police bust during a sex rendezvous. You don't have to be too subtle with most maids—they're ready and eager for your opening questions. You'll find they'll smooth the way for you in the first few minutes of conversation—even to the point of settling price, time and what type of date you're interested in. They can be in your room at your convenience—and the more way-out your sex requests are, the better they like it. For everything other than straight intercourse, the price goes up—but you'll find nothing cut-and-dried about their performance. These girls are top pros in the business, and they'll never short-change you or leave you hanging. Some of the better-known call-girl motels pride themselves on regular customers—men who check in two or more times a week because of the great sex the maids provide. At some, if you don't see a girl who pleases you, a discreet word at the desk will have one completely to your order within two hours. Only taboo is rough stuff, as the one thing that will bring in the law is a rowdy disturbance.

LATEST WORD ON THE LOCH NESS MONSTER—Is there or isn't there a

monster—or monsters—in Loch Ness and Loch Morar, Scotland? That question has been kicked around for years, with reported sightings, eyewitness accounts of panicked Scotchmen, descriptions of the "thing," etc. Just about the time you read this, a new official report will have been published, listing the 27 sightings of an aquatic beast that runs up to 40 feet in length and which travels across the waters of the Lochs at great speeds. Descriptions of huge wakes the monster throws up and conclusions such as, "the wake could not have been caused by any known creature but must have been made by something considerably bigger and more powerful" will be in the report. However, a former Natural History Museum zoologist claims the whole thing is nonsense, and that the "monster" is really a family of otters swimming single file that is causing the "apparition." Like "flying saucers" and the "abominable snowman," so far no one has pinned it down for sure.

"SEX HELPER" FOR THE WIFE?—It won't be too long now, a couple of psychiatrists predict, before wives will agree to let another woman share their husbands—right in their own homes. Doctors looking to reasons for break-ups of marriages find that most men just cannot keep from straying once in a while for an extra-marital sex fling. Once wives recognize this and accept it, it could very well lead to their allowing their husbands to bring their "new girl" home for as long as it lasts. In fact, according to what many wives have confided to the psychiatrists, they find the idea exciting



—even look forward to watching their husbands being taken care of sexually by a strange woman. Some wives intimated they wouldn't be adverse to joining in the fun—swinging as a threesome, if it meant keeping their husbands content. For most women, once their bruised egos are soothed, the idea of a sexual trio is far more desirable than breaking up a marriage.

You're a pretty important guy

...when you know Electronics. And now you can learn enough to break into this exciting field right at home in your spare time.

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The kind of guy businessmen and scientists lean on—and listen to?

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Your family needs protection. Don't fail them. Here in this free book are the night-fighting tactics you need to hold a burglar helpless until police arrive. Here are the methods of the Commandos who fought by night.



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WHAT'S THE SECRET?

NOT SIZE — NOT POWER — NOT STRENGTH!

I don't care if you're 15 or 50, Skinny, Fat or Under-size — If you've always been scared of your shadow — always 'chickened out' — never faced up to a fight in your life — got weak in the knees and ran — **I PROMISE YOU THAT IN 24-HOURS I can give you the TERROR FIGHTING SECRETS** that will turn you into a Fierce Human Arsenal of Fighting Power — giving you the cool confidence to walk through the toughest streets in late hours with the destructive force of a tiger stalking jungle paths — flattening and pulverizing in a split second with one jab of your finger any 200-lb. brute who is foolish enough to attack you — with one chop disarm any hood or break the strangle hold of any thief. No night-crawling thug will ever be dumb enough to break into your house nor any wise guy ever insult or lay hands on your loved ones or you — if he is still conscious after you've used the secrets that I am willing to send you **FREE** in this book. **NEVER AGAIN FEAR ANY MAN—WIN WITH WEIDER.**

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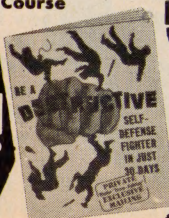
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Man killer



High-powered sales pitch

MEMO: A MAN'S WOMEN

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Someone has figured 315,000,000 commercial SEX BOUTS occur in the U.S. yearly for a total \$2,250,000,000. That's BILLIONS those hookers are pulling in....

The Texas "PARAMOUR STATUTE" calls it JUSTIFIABLE homicide when a man does in his wife's lover. If a wife kills her husband's mistress, it is MURDER 1st DEGREE....The Women's Lib people in that state want the law changed to grant women EQUAL SHOOTING RIGHTS....

Some California coeds are making nice money operating a PORNOGRAPHIC ANSWERING SERVICE. They sit in for women being bothered until the telephone nut tires and gives up....

FRONT LINE MEMO:

The girls who travel with BOB HOPE and other U.S.O. shows flash a lot of "V" for PEACE signs to GIs when the generals are not looking....So do the Saigon HOOKERS, even when generals are looking. Their shrewd business thinking: The best way to interest the new disenchanted breed of DRAFTED GI is to

fake DISLIKE for the war....

Among the new horrors of the war are the AUTO SALESMEN who crowd the Vietnamese highways handing promotion BROCHURES to infantrymen riding tanks into COMBAT....

Forget any notions you have of owning one of those beauty M-16s or a good GI SLEEPING BAG in the near future. The stuff just isn't trickling down to the SURPLUS STORES from this war and won't be....

To meet the crazy demand for BODY COUNTS when the war was at its hottest last year, some units regularly DUG UP the dead they had already planted and COUNTED THEM AGAIN....

The "Ladies from Hell" is the nickname given the Turkish teenage GIRL MILITIA on Cyprus. Members are trained to knife stomachs and shoot away genitals while wearing dress WHITE GLOVES and knee socks....

MEMO: THE ENVIRONMENT CRISIS

A very serious University of Virginia report claims that COWS PASSING WIND contribute heavily to the METHANE air pollution in the U.S....

Now the Biblical FUNDAMENTALISTS are telling us conservation and population control add up to SIN. They say the Scriptures order man to exploit the earth, not SUBORDINATE himself to it....

If some Congressmen don't stop pushing RANDOM HIGHWAY CONSTRUCTION they may find their LAWNS cemented over in the night

(Continued on page 42) 11

A "Snow Job" [REDACTED] Girl Reveals Her



Girl (below) discovered nude skiing did more to help her shed inhibitions than years of different kinds of therapy.



'I Ski In The Nude!'

Sex Life

Unhampered by clothes, their sensations totally free, ski lodge girls are zooming up and down the trails to hit higher and higher peaks of pleasure — and guys who never saw a ski slope before are flocking to those resorts that specialize in the newest sex kick sweeping the U.S.

**By Brenda W. as told to
GRANT FREELING**

I'LL never forget the look on Bill Kramer's face when he first realized that Sunswept Slopes wasn't an ordinary ski resort. We had arrived only minutes before, decided to get in a good run before lunch.

"Really looking forward to this," he said as we walked out the rear doors of the lodge, carrying our skis over our shoulders. Then he stopped in his tracks, eyes bulging incredulously as a tall, redhaired girl with heavy breasts nonchalantly strolled past us. Except for her ski boots and wool stocking cap, she was stark naked. He glanced all about, realizing that most of the men and women laughing and chatting as they waited for the lift were also naked.

"My God, Brenda," he gasped, "what's going on?"

"Skiing, of course," I said, somehow managing

More and more guys are becoming confirmed "ski bums" after spending weekend with no-holds-barred girls, who are expert at helping them get rid of their hang-ups, first on the slopes (above left and rt.) and then in relaxed, warming up period (right), as preliminary to lovemaking session.



Ski lodge girls like to tease male skiers to point where they finally submit to their "victims'" explosive passions.

'I Ski In The Nude'

to keep my face straight . . .

Bill Kramer (not his real name) was a patient at the Los Angeles private medical clinic where I worked as a receptionist. A tall, rugged-faced young architect, he had an attractively shy manner that really turned me on. Whenever he came in for a checkup, I hinted that I wouldn't at all mind seeing him after work but he didn't bite until the day I mentioned that I happened to be a ski buff.

"So am I," he said.

One remark led to another and I agreed to a ski date the following Saturday. He suggested a lodge near Mineral King, one of the top areas in the country. "Why don't we try Sunswept Slopes instead?" I suggested.

"Never heard of it."

"Actually, it's a private club, not a commercial lodge. As a member, I'm allowed to bring guests." I

didn't add, naturally, that Sunswept Slopes was the property of the first nude skiing society in the United States . . .

Finally breaking into the smile I'd been repressing for minutes, I told Bill the truth. "It's much more fun than ordinary skiing and more healthful," I said. You don't end up with a sunburned face and hands and a pale body. I hate that look, don't you? And you can keep your clothes on if you want to. No one will stare . . ."

Although red with embarrassment, Bill accompanied me to the high, expert slopes, constantly averting his eyes from the naked forms zooming past the chairlift. When we reached the top, I suggested that we continue on foot to an isolated run I knew about, hoping to lessen his inhibitions. He quickly agreed.

It was the best kind of day for nude skiing. Although



The exhilarating effect of nude skiing (below left), produces desire for more and more way-out sensations like sun-bathing in the cold for some of the girls (like at left). Couple (above) initially experienced strong physical attraction, found they shared other mutual interests beyond sex.



the powdery white snow on the high slope remained hard, the sun was bright; the air, just warm enough to be comfortable. As soon as we reached the top of the run, I casually pulled the multiple zippers on my special pants and jacket, enabling me to remove the garments without taking off my boots and socks (these outfits are made only in West Germany, have to be purchased through the mail).

"I didn't think *you* were going to do it, too!" Bill exclaimed.

"Why not?" I replied. "After all, that's what the club is for."

I'm not one of those girls who hypocritically pretend ignorance of their own attractiveness. I guess my face is only average but I feel that my pride in my long, naturally blonde hair and my body is justified. Before taking up skiing, I'd tended to be a shade overweight. But countless hours on the slopes had kept my full, round breasts as firm as a teenager's; my hips, thighs and stomach, sleek and smoothly muscled. I could tell that Bill fully appreciated what had been revealed to him.

"Come on," I teased. "Try it. If you really objected, you wouldn't have come this far." I had started to wonder if he was suffering from some kind of hang-up.

At last, Bill awkwardly removed his clothes, hopped shivering in the snow as he hurriedly donned his boots. Then we both strapped on our skis. Bill pushed off first, cutting gracefully down the trail. I waited to begin my own run until he had halted in front of a broad tree hundreds of yards below.

I shoved my poles into the snow and was on my way. Even straight skiing used to effect me sexually—the speed, the taut quivering in my inner thighs when I made a good turn. But this was nothing compared to the totally free sensations I experienced now—feeling my nipples stiffen in the mildly chill breeze, the spray of churned up snowflakes tingling against my warm legs . . .

(Continued on page 60)

"Whoever doesn't get shot, is getting plowed under,"
Morrison yelled as the crawler lumbered ahead.

ART BY SAMSON POLLEN





By ROLAND EMPEY

"More merciless and exciting than *The French Connection*."—DIGEST WORLD

THE EXTERMINATORS

SMASH BOOK BONUS

He was a good cop, but when it came to "busting" the kill-crazy gangsters who were taking over the billion-dollar illegal drug market in the U.S., he became marked as a good "dead" cop

IF I didn't see the dead guys, I'd have thought they'd been slaughtering cattle," Steve Morrison said, standing on the deck of the Great Lakes freighter, *Colin McFee*, his feet inch-deep in a puddle of blood. Morrison'd come up from an Immigration Service seaplane alongside. There were two other men with him—Bud Kline, like himself out of Washington on special assignment, and a man named Roberts from the Immigration Service. It was an hour or so past midnight. A cold wind blowing down from Canada rocked the old ship, its an-

Pre-Movie Publication

chor creaking and a door flapping open somewhere and making a sharp, irregular rapping sound as it hit a wall.

"Well, let's look over what we got here." Morrison played a flashlight along the deck picking up half a dozen dead men, all of them with faces frozen into agonized expressions and bodies twisted, broken, torn open.

"You two go below and see if there are any others. I'll see if I can figure who these are," Morrison said.

He moved slowly along (*Continued on page 90*)

CONSTITUTION
OF THE UNITED STATES
1787¹

WE THE PEOPLE of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this CONSTITUTION for the United States of America.

ARTICLE I

Section. 1. All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

Section 2. The House of Representatives shall be composed of Members chosen every second Year by the People

More and more states are passing stringent laws, in conformity with U.S. Constitution, protecting consumer from outrageous collectors' tactics.

Some bill collectors (like above) like nothing better than violating consumers' privacy—are experts at harrassing people.

How To Beat

The new-style, computerized loansharks stop at nothing in bleeding you — or in turning your family, friends and boss against you — until you've paid up every red cent that you owe for "junk" merchandise marketed in fancy, fine-print doubletalk

PRIDDY, the credit manager, peered at me over his rimless glasses and said, "If you're half as mean and ugly as you look, the job is yours."

This from a banty who towered all of five-two with heel-lifts and had a face that looked as if he'd been born sucking a lemon. It was a laugh, but I wasn't amused.

Not that I'm all that sensitive about my peculiar style of beauty. After all, I've had a few years to adjust to the fact I'm well over 200 pounds of bone and muscle, with the build of a gorilla and a face that even scares

HEADLINE REVELATIONS



Confessions Of An Ex-"Credit Bandit"

By **GEORGE S.**

me when I see it leering from the mirror first thing in the morning.

"I do what's expected of me," I said.

"Good." He pushed a printed form and pen across the desk. "Sign on the bottom line and you're on the payroll."

I signed George S—without bothering to read the acre or so of fine print.

I needed the job. Besides, I had a pretty fair idea of what it would boil down to if anybody could translate the lawyers' double-talk. The outfit I'll call the Jovial Finance Company (because that's the one thing they weren't) had a reputation for vicious collection tactics and I was under no delusion I was being hired to water the flower boxes out front.

I was the arm-twister, the muscle-man. My duty would be to scare the panties off of—and the money out of—delinquent debtors of all ages and sexes. Sour-Puss Priddy laid it on the line in no uncertain terms.

"Your job will be to collect money that is legally owed us by delinquent installment customers. Either they pay up or you repossess the merchandise, and we're not greatly disturbed over repos. We simply sell the merchandise back to the dealer, who uses it to catch another sucker—er, customer—on whom we both profit. In fact, early in my career I was nearly fired for falling behind in repossessions."

"I'll try not to jeopardize your job," I said.

His eyebrows climbed at my casual use of a three-syllable word, but he liked the sentiment. He cleared his throat.

"How you go about your business is no concern of ours as long as you produce results. But I must warn you—if you overstep and get yourself messed up with the law, we will disclaim all responsibility and you will be completely on your own. Is that understood?"

"I read your message," I said, "loud and clear."

Jovial, like hundreds of other finance firms of their ilk across the country, had a sweet and legal racket going for them. Merchants, chiefly in ghetto areas, sold the shoddiest kind of junk at outrageous prices on the "Easy Credit" plan—no money down and peanuts per week. They then peddled the installment contract to Jovial at a discount for immediate cash and freedom from the nuisance of weekly or monthly payments. The poor consumer who tried to get satisfaction for the crap he was stuck with got the run-around of the century.

The seller had sold his contract to Jovial so he could disclaim any obligation. Jovial had bought only the installment contract so their only obligation was to collect, and collect and collect. And my job was to make sure they *did* collect—either the cash or the merchandise. What I repossessed was peddled back to the dealer at a discount, to be put back on sale to start the profitable rat-race all over again.

My first job (Continued on page 80)

THE

REPOSSESSION

GOUGERS



Dressed in his coolest pimp's outfit, Harry stood in the doorway, as his muscle worked over Collins.

ART BY BRUCE MINNEY

VICKIE, The Faithful Call Girl

She was Harry's top hooker and earned more dough than any of his other girls—until, that is, her old boy friend returned from Vietnam and said he still loved her

By **WAYNE C. ULSH**

WHEN I found Vickie, she was working on the strip. She wasn't any cheap uptown hustler either. She was on the money end of the strip—downtown, where the out-of-town businessmen and the plush hotels were. She was probably turning tricks for \$50—maybe more. It made me want to throw up.

"Hi, hon," she said. And then her eyes locked on mine, and she stared, mouth

(Continued on page 52)



SEX FICTION

World War II Kidnap Mission

Daring intelligence plot hinged on ambush of Colonel "Torture" during supposedly "secret" S.S. kill raid.

The Brutal S.S. Colonel
Who Tortured Thousands

**"BRING OUT
THE NAZI
BUTCHER
ALIVE!"**

In a matter of hours, the Nazi officer's terror tactics would cripple the Norwegian underground. OSS Captain Bayliss' assignment: Spirit the S.S. killer back to England before he set a record for raping women



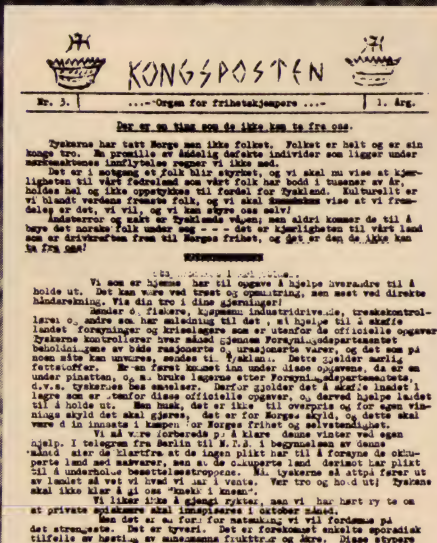
Photo above shows Colonel Zeiss' storm troopers. These torture specialists were trained to break spirit of resistance leaders.



Stricken villagers trying to protect their homes were shot on the spot by Zeiss' marauding troops (above).



By CHRIS THOMPSON



THE GERMAN, a Nazi S.S. lieutenant named Kurt Volke, writhed in the rope bands which bound him hand-and-foot to the kitchen chair, and stared fixedly at the Colt .45 revolver lying on the table in front of him. He tried to conceal his fear but he couldn't hide the rivulets of sweat that coursed down his cheeks and dripped onto the table top. He lifted his head and his eyes darted to the faces of the three men (Continued on page 44)

Throughout Nazi occupation of their towns, brave Norwegians turned out underground newspapers to keep up morale (above). Stamp (right) was issued by Norwegian patriots, depicts infamous traitor, Quisling, who is shown at bottom right during his Oslo trial for treason at end of WW II.



Those Cultural, "Do-Good" Foundations

BILLIONAIRE DODGE

THAT MAKES



YOU PAY HIGHER TAXES

SHOCKING EXPOSE

By HY KRAMER

ON A brisk autumn day not long ago, a chauffeured limousine pulled into the driveway of an elegant, five-bedroom mansion fronting a resort lake area of the very rich. Inside the car was a prominent businessman and philanthropist who we will call Daniel R. Matson, because that is not his name. A millionaire several times over, Mr. Matson had earned a reputation as an outstanding supporter of the arts, education, and other worthy causes. There were frequent newspaper reports about the good

work done by Mr. Matson's privately-controlled charitable organization—the Matson Foundation.

But there was another side to Mr. Matson's active life that wasn't known to the press. On this day, as he had on many others, Matson was about to indulge himself in a strictly non-business and highly enjoyable diversion. When he entered the lavishly-furnished house, he was met by a butler who took his coat and hat.

"Where is Miss Parker, John?" the middle- (Continued on page 75)

By putting money into foundations, financial barons, thanks to Congress, save tremendous amounts in estate and inheritance taxes—and if we don't do something fast about changing our tax structure, the dollars we pay to make up the difference will bankrupt us all



Sharing the same roof with our Janice Tompkins could be a very interesting arrangement for the right man. Here, she pauses at the dark, cool well behind her country cottage in Louisiana. It's the spot where her first real boyfriend carved their initials in a tree. But he left, got too busy working the oilfields all over the South, and ever since, Janice has been looking for another cottage-mate, preferably with more permanent intentions.

Playing House With Janice



Playing House With Janice

The place, a fancy modern design, has a number of rooms, but she's not sure exactly how many—the architect said six, the builder said seven, and the real estate man said eight. Well, if they're not sure, she isn't either. In any case, it has a swimming pool, which Janice says is probably its biggest selling point. Whenever she has a male visitor, she explains, she watches as he tries out the pool, sees whether he fits comfortably into the chairs, too. It's almost like fitting someone with a new pair of shoes, and she's sure it's the best way to get her man. Thought about living in a rustic setting, gentlemen?





There were more solid gold bars in the Mayan temple than they had time to count, but when it came to stealing it "from under the eyes of the Indian gods" none of them was sure if he'd get a one-third share or a bullet in the back





Catching Greer off guard, Howard
swung the skeleton like a baseball bat.

ART BY EARL NOREM

By JERRY WAYNE

**3 American
Treasure
Hunters
Caught In
A \$500,000
Caper Of Greed
Battle
For
Gold In
Yucatan's**

TRUE

OF COURSE I knew the deal was illegal, but the chance to get back to the States with a bundle of cash was too good to pass up. I'd been fired from my job with an American oil company a couple of months before for getting too friendly with the superintendent's bored young wife. The Guatemalan government had taken me on to head up one of their exploration teams because of my experience in the area, but I was ready to get out.

And Greer had a good argument in the metal bar he brought along to my office. It was cylindrical, about an inch in diameter and eight long, and it hit my desk with a convincingly solid thump.

"Gold," Greer said bluntly. "Seventy ounces. About \$2500. Know where it (Continued on page 64)

**"TEMPLE OF
SKELETONS"**

PHOTOS OF THE MONTH

The editors of *For Men Only* have selected the most outstandingly dramatic photos that came to their desks from the top cameramen around the world.



Montpelier, Vermont postman Leroy Brett's answer to crowded lunch counters is the local mail storage box where he can eat and read newspaper undisturbed (left). "Saludi!" says Italian actress Paola Rosi (right) who looks great posing in giant goblet with her pet Siamese cat.



While rounding curve at trotting race in Sydney, Aussie trotter, Opal Brigade (below center), put his hoof through wheel of sulky (right) causing driver to fall while another horse crashed into melee. Miraculously, there were no serious injuries.





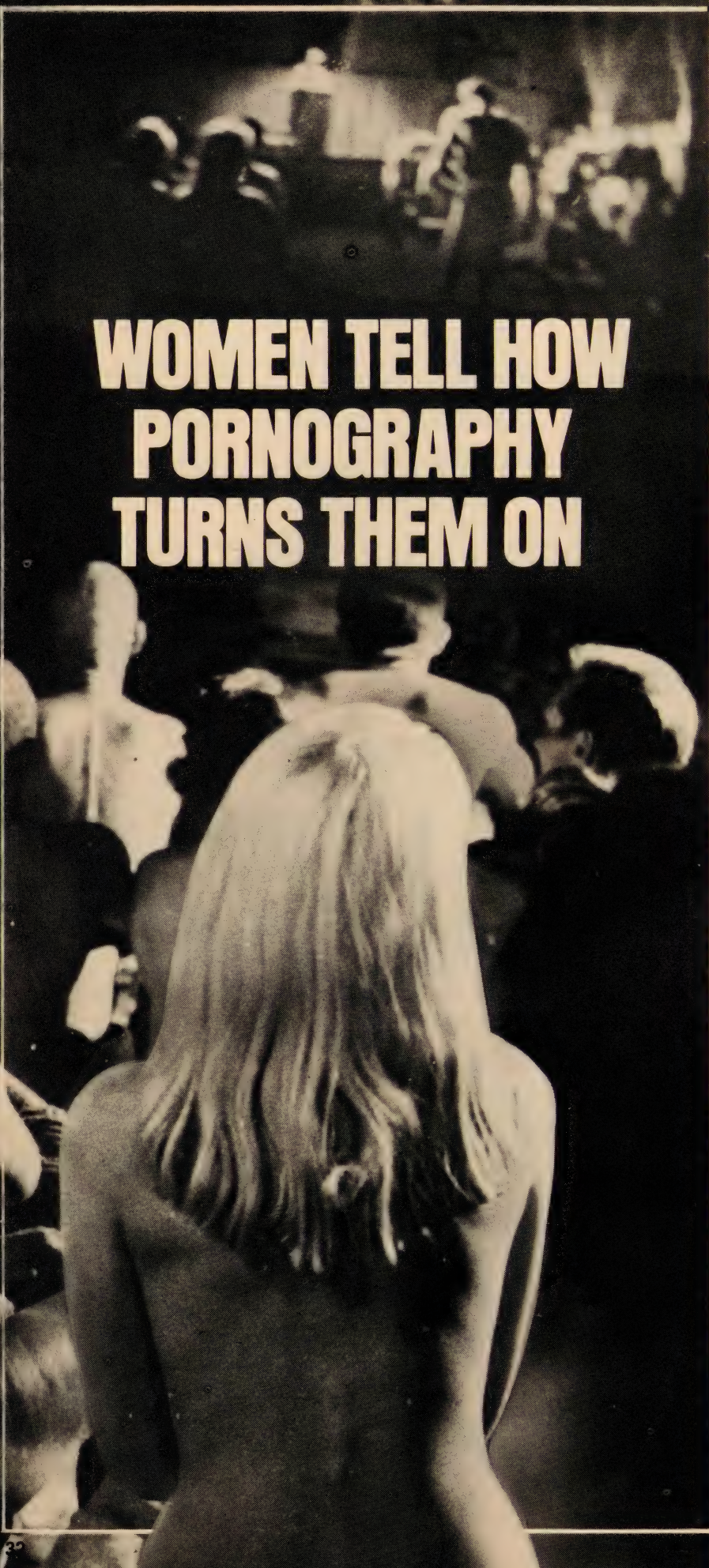
Japanese middleweight Koichi Wajima (above) jumps for joy in Tokyo ring after winning 15-round bout for the world's junior championship with Italy's boxer, Carmelo Bossi.

It may be snowing in your part of the country but summer can't be too far behind when Norwegian beauty (like girl below) soaks up the warm sun on deserted beach in Kristiansand.



The traveler's warning outside a roadside cafe and gas station in Nashua, N.H. (above) doesn't seem to deter hungry patrons who better not complain if they don't like the food.





WOMEN TELL HOW PORNOGRAPHY TURNS THEM ON

A Psychiatrist's Frank Interviews

Pornography used to be the exclusive domain of men but more and more women are finding out that sharing this erotic experience with their husbands and lovers stimulates them to throw away their inhibitions and unleash passions they were never aware of before

By DR. CLEMENT KORNGOLD

SAN FRANCISCO: DECEMBER 21, 1971—Rising swiftly from his canvas officer's chair, the grinning director shouted. "O.K., now let's shoot the 'woman's version.' "

A moment later, a muscular man and well-proportioned woman, both in their early 20's, both exceptionally attractive, both stark naked, emerged from a make-shift dressing room in the warehouse studio and strolled toward a brilliantly lit, king-sized bed. The cameraman, a 36-year-old veteran of more than 200 blue films, woke up yawning, stretched his arms, and took up his position behind the mobile camera with Zoomar lens.

An hour earlier, the cameraman had filmed a long sequence of the "man's version," in which the tall, blonde, excessively pale actress performed oral sex on the flick's only actor. He had alternated his shots between closeups of the actual act and the man's enraptured face. Now, he concentrated on the actor's head between the actress's thighs, and the girls ecstatic expression.

"Reach up and massage her breasts," the director cried, obviously pleased with himself for thinking of this in-

(Continued on page 95)

THE SAVAGE JOURNEY OF A LOST DOG



King wanted no part of being left behind when the Riordans moved from Ohio to Seattle. But instinct told him to follow the sun, and it didn't matter what perils awaited him every mile of the way

By TOM CHRISTOPHER

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Unbelievable 2000-Mile Trek That



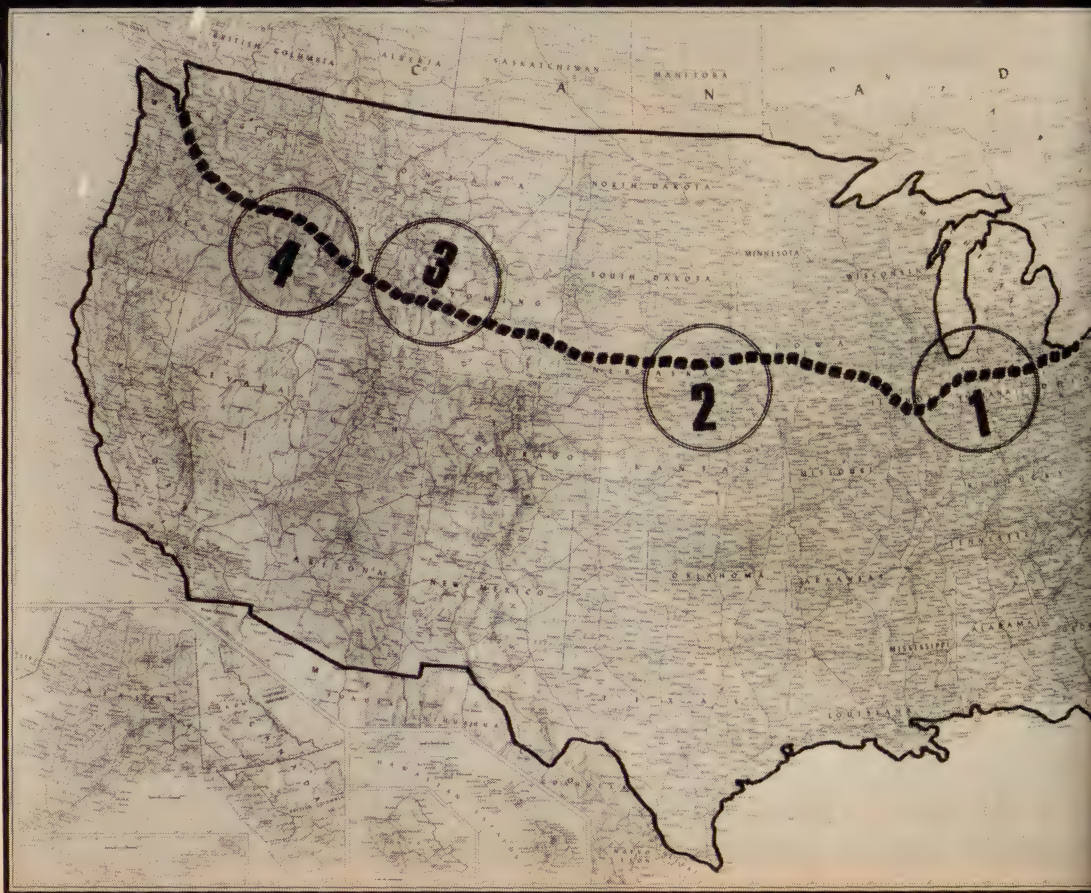
1 Having run for several days and nights without food or rest, King met his first near-fatal setback in DeKalb County, Ind., where he was hit by a truck.



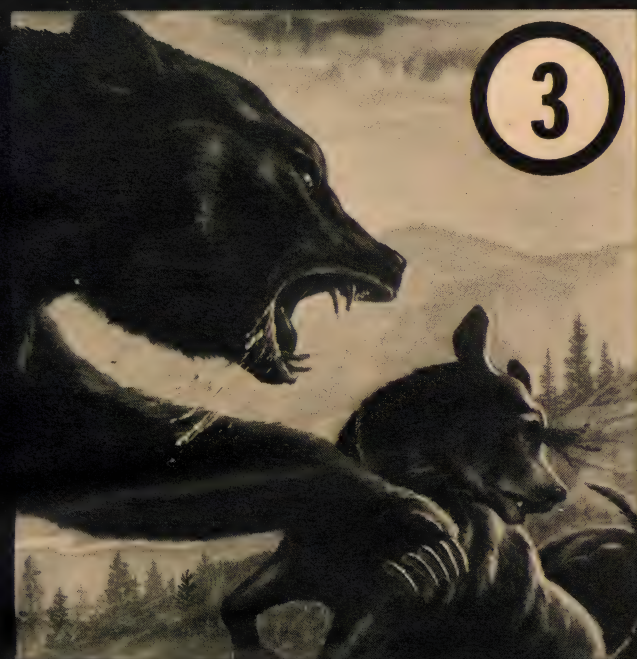
2 Nursed back to health by the truckdriver and on the trail again, King came to the Elkhorn River, where treacherous currents almost drowned him.

A LOST DOG

Dotted line shows route that King, a Labrador retriever, followed in his epic journey to find the Riordans. The 2,000-mile trek turned King from house dog into a beast savagely bent on day-to-day survival.



Turned A Pet Dog Into A Wild Beast



By now King had learned to travel and stay alive. Then, on the Wild River Range in Wyoming, he came on a huge grizzly, who clawed out one of his eyes.



King still hadn't encountered his potentially most dangerous enemy—man. That came in Idaho, when a dogcatcher nearly clubbed him to death.



EDITOR'S NOTE—When the editors of FOR MEN ONLY first heard reports of the dog, King, a Labrador retriever, they assigned a writer to investigate and document the story. The account which follows is a reconstruction of the dog's 6-month-long journey, covering thousands of miles, and is based on a retracing of the trip itself and on interviews with some of the people who were involved with King on his courageous trek across much of the northwest United States.

THE John T. Riordan family was deeply troubled when their dog, King, disappeared from home on the outskirts of Cleveland, Ohio in the spring of 1971. Riordan, his wife, Marianne, and their 8-year old son, Jackie and 10-year-old daughter, Molly, had had King since he was a two-week-old pup. The dog, a sturdy Labrador retriever, was now well over two years old and was not only the pet of the family and a companion for the children

but also a dependable watch dog. And the family was very attached to him.

At that time the Riordans had lived in Ohio for only six months. John Riordan, who was in defense work, had been transferred to Cleveland from Seattle, Washington where they had first gotten the dog. When they moved, King moved with them. What was most troubling to the family now was that at the time King disappeared the Riordans had only one more week to live in Ohio since John Riordan was being transferred back to Seattle again.

King had never wandered far from the house before and for the first few days he was gone, the family continued to believe he would show up before they moved. But still they searched, notified the police that the dog was missing, checked the local dog pound, and ran notices in the newspapers offering a reward for King's return. The dog always had license tags on his collar so it should

(Continued on page 70)

They say "It's a man's world," but our witty, wise and wary FMO cartoonists have other ideas about what the female of the species really thinks — especially when it comes down to basic things like sex...



The First Word, The Last Word,



"... You don't have to read them to me. I've had them memorized for years..."



"We could use my pad, if you don't mind talking baseball with my husband afterwards."



"I don't care what the human body is worth scientifically, Mr. Gavenda. Here, it's worth \$100 a night."



"Perhaps you have me listed under one of my married names?"

Every Word...



INCREDIBLE TYPHOON-AT-SEA EPIC

**200 Bush Fighters Go Berserk
Off The African Coast**

YANK SEAMAN WHO SAVED A TERROR-STRICKEN HUMAN CARGO SHIP

By JOE DUGAN

The ship's controls gone and its passengers at the brink of uncontrollable panic, Farmer strapped on his life vest and tackled the murderous storm raging across the horizon

FARMER had about 20 minutes warning on the storm. It rolled over the horizon like a black awning unfurling and there was going to be no getting past it, no getting out from under it. It was coming too fast.

"We're going to have to get those birds back down in the hold." He was talking to Hillhouse, the second mate, a stocky man, squat and as heavily muscled as a gorilla. "We're going to have our hands full with this old tub and we can't have them getting in our way."



Waves hit and buried bow of Madagascar Queen in worst typhoon recorded during year.



First mate Farmer (right) sealed passengers—guerrillas in transit to fight a colonial war—below decks rather than let them get washed overboard.



The *Madagascar Queen* was carrying human cargo, 200 black bush fighters from South Africa on their way up the East coast to Mozambique to take part in the war against the Portuguese there. They were being transported in the hold, but they'd been allowed to come up on deck in a sort of rotating schedule, groups of 20 or so at a time. But they had to stay close to the hold to keep from getting in the seamen's way.

"Stick this up your sleeve, Dave," Hillhouse said handing Farmer a marlinspike. "If they know

(Continued on page 84)



JAPANESE GIRLS:

"World's Greatest Sex Partners"

... Their Unusual Practices And Techniques





It's common knowledge that Japan is a paradise for R.&R.-bound servicemen. Trained from childhood to please men, Japanese girls offer terrific contrast to status-seeking Western women.

Combining the best styles of both the East and the West, Japanese women can give American travelers a sex package they'll never forget—complete with saki wine and the most skillful hot-bath-massage ever

By **MORT ESSEX**

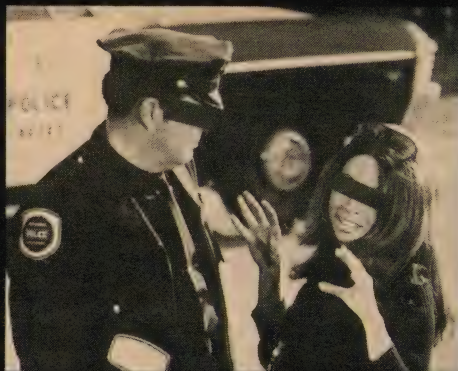
HER NAME is Fumiko Tanayashi, but to Americans who admire her sensual charms and share her bed, she's known as Suzie. At twenty-three, 36-20-36, with shapely legs and a perfect body, she is a coy, mischievous girl-child one moment, a sexually mature woman the next. With her lilting voice, doe eyes, and breathtaking figure she might be typical of today's liberated, modern young Japanese woman—except that she is a prostitute.

Suzie's home, the seaport of Kobe, Japan, is a tough town for a hooker. So many of today's new generation of awakened Japanese girls are dispensing their bedroom favors free of charge that it's difficult to make money doing it. But Suzie has a relaxed attitude. Her full-time job as a typist in the (Continued on page 88)

Practically every streetcorner in Japan has a "bathhouse" where the tourist can go for total relaxation (above)—and sex at the right price.



Last Minute Memo for Men



Fuzz favor



Porpoise bait?

(Continued from page 11)

by the new groups of ecological MILITANTS forming up....

Nothing scrubs the air inside a fouled refrigerator better than a fistful of ordinary CHARCOAL BRIQUETS. The things soak up smells of rotten food, old fish and MILDEW, especially mildew....

Our own U.S. Army may be one of the world's great LITTER CRITTERS. For example: the 100,000 steel 50-gal. DRUMS left behind on Alaska's north coast after construction of the DEW radar defense chain....The Eskimos try to fill them with garbage and wastes and sink them but they DRIFT right back ashore....

CRIME FILE MEMO:

How cops know when another cop DOES NOT take payola: When he brings his own LUNCH to the precinct every day.... The FREE LOVE TEST is foolproof in determining a rookie's future HONESTY. If he accepts free bed favors from the HOOKERS on his beat, he's on his way to grabbing bigger things in the future.... The real crooks in uniform check out most new men in this way. Men who tumble to sex, or FREE MEALS in restaurants are recruited into the graft structure....

JAILBREAK gangs seldom take FAT MEN along. They get caught in narrow doorways, holes in walls, block way for others....

One of the newest things in ANTIRIOT HARDWARE is a stovepipe-looking thing called STUN GUN. It shoots 8-oz. bags of buckshot which flatten like pizza as they

fly, knock a man on his buns without serious injury at 50 yds....The rioters are fighting back with ordinary kids' MARBLES. Roll a bucketful in front of charging cops and they go down on THEIR buns....

How to keep things longer if you live in a HIGH BURGLARY area: (1) Take the CASE off your TV to render it ugly. (2) Or engrave your NAME on it with one of those cheap electric buzzer pencils. Stolen goods fences won't buy TVs with names. (3) Chain your bicycle to a REFRIGERATOR or radiator....

OUTDOOR MAN'S MEMO:

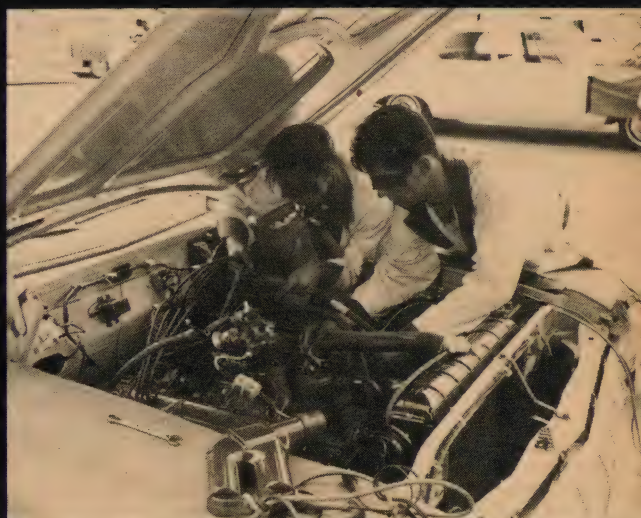
Question: If PORPOISES are the natural SHARK killers they're said to be, how come so many porpoise parts are found in sharks' stomachs? New evidence indicates the entire SHARK-PORPOISE thing needs rethinking....

When WHALERS stalk a traveling herd (or gam) they pump their kills full of air to keep them AFLOAT, fit them with lights and RADIO MARKERS so they can find them later....

Your really shrewd BACKPACK HIKERS pick up tasty GREENS on the trail during the day for the SALAD with chow in camp that night. One great mix is: Watercress. Dandelion leaves. Clover leaves and FLOWERS. Violet leaves. Dehydrated salad onions and oil and vinegar dressing (carried along from home)....Dandelions are best in spring. They become BITTER later....



Honeymoon horror



Accentuate the additive

A 10-penny NAIL hammered to flat spade shape at the point is the best little SHOT DIGGER and feather puller you'll ever take bird hunting. Just insert, twist, pull....

SPORTING CROWD MEMO:

Just as many suspected, synthetic FOOTBALL TURF is associated with more bone, muscle INJURIES than real grass.... Also, scrapes and cuts received on synthetics seem to fester faster, take longer to heal....

A San Diego State College survey indicates sports DO NOT develop men of CHARACTER AND FAIR PLAY. They only breed connivers who will pull any dirty trick they can to WIN....

CROWS steal golf balls from fairways /...The Philadelphia Phillies were only joking when they offered Veterans Stadium as beautiful enough for a HONEYMOON. They're not offering any more since one NEWLYWED pair insisted on collecting, champagne and all....

Slickest PRO FOOTBALL FIXERS of all may be the REFEREES. It's hinted that some have dropped flags for HOLDING, cancel touchdowns, and get away with it. Who can know whether they're cheating...?

MEMO: A MAN'S MONEY

Save up to \$1.60 per ENGINE OIL CHANGE. How? Just REFUSE the STP or whatever other ADDITIVE the pirate at your

garage is pushing this month. Fact is, additives don't do a damn thing FRESH OIL won't do....

Boat-painting time coming up. Best bet in DECK PAINT is good old Montgomery Ward's. It costs more than some others, (about \$4.50/gal.) but Lord, the service you get from it....

Lawn time, too. And time to change your old thinking about HORSE MANURE as fertilizer. It isn't. One 20-lb. sack of NITROGEN fertilizer (\$2-\$3) feeds your greenery as well as 1,000 lbs. of manure does (\$10-\$20). AND NO SHOVELING....

Check your PENSION FUND contract. If the fine print says anything about working 20 YEARS before collecting, howl to your Congressman or somebody else big. What it means is, if you QUIT or even are FIRED before then, you don't see a dime, no matter how much you've PAID INTO IT.... Many sloppy contracts contain this cruel provision....

FINAL MEMO:

The ecologists are learning that LONE-STANDING TREES possess stronger limbs and trunks than sheltered forest trees do. The builders of WOODEN SHIPS in New England knew this all along, sought such trees for their MASTS AND SPARS....

President RICHARD NIXON'S bowling average is 152....The White House was not painted WHITE until 1817, to hide char marks after the British burned it in 1814. Before then, the stone walls were left their natural gray....

S.S. COLONEL

(Continued from page 23)

sitting across the table from him. The three men belonged to the Norwegian underground. Their faces were impassive. So were the faces of the other seven men in the room, members of a joint American OSS-British Commando team, who stood behind the Norwegians.

"Nein," the Nazi officer said stubbornly, "I cannot give you that information." He shook his head, spraying more sweat across the table top.

The man sitting directly in front of Volke, flanked by the other two Norwegians, was Roald Myllar, district leader of the underground. He leaned forward, picked up the Colt revolver, and pressed the tip of the barrel into the center of the German lieutenant's forehead.

"Herr Volke," Myllar said quietly, "you are a fool. But if you choose to prolong your agony—" he let the words trail off, shrugged, and slipped his finger around the trigger of the revolver.

Earlier, when the Nazi officer had first been tied to the chair, Myllar had broken open the revolver, emptied it, slid one bullet back into the chamber, and spun the cylinder. Then he had looked steadily at Volke and said, "Each time I ask you for the information we want, and you refuse, I will put this gun to your head and pull the trigger. You may get a bullet in the brain quickly or you may get a few more minutes of life to decide you'd rather talk than die."

The first time Myllar pulled the trigger, the hammer hit on an empty chamber and the German officer sagged in his chair and the color drained from his face. But even after that he again refused to talk.

Now, looking straight along the underside of the revolver's barrel, Volke saw Myllar's finger start to tighten around the trigger and he suddenly screamed out: "Tyvik—the village is Tyvik! Col. Zeiss and his men will level the town on the 24th, two days from now!"

The German officer, eyes screwed shut, was panting and his whole uniform was soggy with sweat. The Norwegian, Myllar, withdrew the gun barrel and laid the revolver on the table again. "Very good, Lt. Volke," he said. "You've earned your right to live." Myllar nodded to the two men on either side of him. "Take him away."

As soon as the German was led from the room, one of the seven men waiting silently behind Myllar came forward and asked, "Tyvik? Is it very far from here?"

"No," Myllar said. "Only a couple of hours on foot. We can be there and in place well in time before Zeiss and his huns strike, Captain Bayliss."

OSS Captain Steve Bayliss, who was in command of this WW II U.S.-British mission to German-occupied Norway in the fall of 1944, nodded. "Then we should be able to take the butchering son-of-a-bitch completely by surprise." He grinned hap-

pily, ran a hand over the stubble of beard on his face, and lit a cigar. "All right, you dog-faces," he said gruffly to the other six men still standing in the back of the cellar of the isolated farmhouse, "fall out. Get yourself some grub and some rest before we push on."

Bayliss started to walk away, then turned back and idly picked up the revolver lying on the table. He broke the gun open and saw that the single bullet in the chamber was in position to have been fired if Myllar had completed his pull on the trigger. The Nazi, Volke, had had a close call—and so had the mission. Bayliss considered it a good omen for the success of the operation that the German lieutenant had lived, and talked. Maybe the whole thing was going to turn out all right, after all, he thought, despite his misgivings when the plan, code-named *Operation Quicksilver*, was first hatched in the War Room of the British Admiralty four weeks earlier...

It was in the last week of August, 1944, that British and American Intelligence, in London, first learned via wireless from the Norwegian underground of the activities of Nazi SS Col. Horst Zeiss, of the German Army of Occupation. A few days prior to the report received in London, Col. Zeiss and a group of 20 Nazi soldiers, along with two Panzer tanks, had entered the small Norwegian fishing village of Trova, on the south coast. It was early in the morning and a clear day and most of the men in the village were preparing to leave their homes for a day of fishing when the Nazis appeared.

The two tanks took up positions at either end of the village while the soldiers, armed with rifles and submachineguns, moved from house to house, herding the villagers out into the single, main, street. The Norwegians were used to being periodically harrassed by the German Army of Occupation. Members of the country's underground who carried on a constant clandestine fight against the Nazis often hid out in small, remote villages after performing acts of sabotage. Ever since the winter of 1943, when members of the Norwegian underground had blown up a secret Nazi hydro plant in Telemark where the Germans were producing "heavy water" for use in their atomic bomb experiments, Nazi patrols frequently visited various villages and towns to search for possible saboteurs.

There was one difference this day, however; the German patrol was commanded by a Nazi SS Colonel who stood in the center of the street with a bullhorn in his hand. None of the villagers of Trova had ever seen this officer before. He was a stocky man with a bullet-shaped head. One of his hands, the left one, was missing, and had been replaced with a steel claw.

As soon as all the buildings had been emptied and the people gathered together in the middle of the street, the colonel lifted the bullhorn to his mouth with his steel claw.

"There are traitors among you," he belowed into the bullhorn. "Underground workers who care nothing about your welfare but use you as a shield behind which

to hide. Today, the German Army intends to make an example of this village to warn all the good citizens of Norway what to expect if they harbor and try to protect saboteurs." The Colonel signalled with his good hand and the two tanks at either end of the street opened fire on the houses with their cannons and howitzers. Within minutes, while the stricken villagers watched, their homes were reduced to smoking rubble. When many of the people turned to run to protect their homes or to retrieve some of their possessions, they were swiftly shot down by the soldiers.

One hour and fifty-five minutes after the colonel and his tanks had entered the village 70 people, men, women, and children—more than half the population—lay dead and the remainder were homeless. The village had been systematically leveled and even the few fishing boats in the nearby fjord had been blown up and sunk.

Within a day after the village had been wiped out and half the population destroyed, word of the tragedy had spread out over most of the countryside of Norway, bringing the first wave of unreasoning fear to the inhabitants of other small towns and villages along the coast. The dreaded Nazi colonel, quick to follow up his advantage, struck again in succeeding days, at three other villages which had, in the past, offered sanctuary to members of the Norwegian underground. Each time the houses were blasted to the ground and scores of the population killed or wounded.

By then the fear was so great that the activities of the underground had to be temporarily halted since the saboteurs could no longer count on being sheltered in the scattered towns and villages. In addition, in each community, there were some who said that if the underground stopped fighting the Nazis in the country, there would be no more such reprisals. The underground itself, in desperation, contacted Allied Intelligence in London and asked for advice and possible help in dealing with the Nazi colonel and his corps of killers. This new reign of terror was chillingly reminiscent of what had happened in Lidice, Czechoslovakia where the Nazis had ruthlessly wiped an entire city and its inhabitants off the face of the earth.

"This was a brilliant psychological stroke on the part of the Nazis," one of the chief Allied Intelligence officers in London said. "With a small force of men and weapons the Germans have found a way of cutting the entire underground network in Norway as well as saying, in effect, that we, the Allies, are powerless to help the Norwegians. In reply, I say, gentlemen, that we must show the people of Norway, and the Nazis, that the Allied forces are a formidable enemy to be reckoned with."

Operation Quicksilver was the plan worked out over the course of the next few days. The plan was to parachute a small hand-picked group of men into Norway to join up with some of the members of the local underground. The switch was that Allied Intelligence decided it would not be enough to just kill the colonel since his

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simple death would be too difficult to document and have known and accepted throughout the countryside of Norway. The plan, therefore, was to capture the colonel alive, bring him out of Norway, photograph him in Allied custody, and then from a plane, flood the country with photos of the imprisoned colonel. It was a daring and audacious plan.

Four British Commandos and three American OSS members were chosen to carry out the operation. The squad was put under the command of OSS Captain Steve Bayliss. Bayliss, who was a native of Texas, had already won a string of medals for carrying out other, equally dangerous, assignments. He was 29 years old, sandy-haired, tall, rangy, and tough.

The other men assigned to the mission were the two Americans, Lt. Ralph Brewster of Colorado Springs, Colorado and Sgt. Ray Tate of Bullock County, Georgia, and the four British Commandos, Hugh Emerson, Brian Wade, Val Gordon, and John Campbell.

As plans went forward in London to launch *Operation Quicksilver*, the underground in Norway had picked up a rumor that the Nazi colonel and his men were preparing to strike at another village. Allied Intelligence radioed back that the underground was to make every effort to find out the name of the village. Bayliss and his squad could then be there, waiting, when the attack came, so they could arrange an ambush to try to capture the colonel alive.

On September 22, Captain Bayliss and the other six men were dropped by parachute over an open field in the midst of a forest in southern Norway, along with extra parachutes containing supplies, weapons, and ammunition, including explosives and land mines since they knew they'd have to face the two tanks. When they landed, they were met at a pre-arranged rendezvous spot by Roald Myllar and other members of the Norwegian underground who led them to the cellar of a nearby farmhouse. Myllar and the other saboteurs were holding in the cellar a Nazi lieutenant, Kurt Volke, who worked in the headquarters of the SS colonel—the Norwegians had since discovered that the colonel's name was Horst Zeiss—who had led the raids on the local communities. The Norwegian underground workers had kidnapped Volke and waited until the Allied team was present before interrogating the Nazi lieutenant.

The farming village, which the squad reached just after dawn on September 23, was a small collection of about twenty-five houses and with a population of less than a hundred people, well inland in Southern Norway. Myllar did most of the talking to the mayor of Tyvik and the other townspeople, explaining what the Allied team planned to do. Most of the people immediately agreed to cooperate especially since Myllar pointed out that the operation would not only serve to capture the Nazi colonel but was also the only way to save the town from certain destruction.

For most of the rest of that day, Bayliss and the others were busy baiting their trap. They set up their main points of defense in the two houses at either end of

the street, with other men and weapons deployed in other houses along the street. In addition, they buried a string of explosives so they ran across both ends of the street and were connected by wires to detonators inside the nearest house.

Soon after dawn the following morning Bayliss heard the distant ominous creak and clatter that marked the approach of the two ponderous tanks. By the time Bayliss got to a window, pistol in hand, Colonel Horst Zeiss and 20 Nazi soldiers were marching into the village. The two tanks trailing them also lumbered into sight. The tanks separated once they were inside the village, each covering opposite ends of the street.

Bayliss watched Colonel Zeiss take up a position in the center of the village, just outside the house where the American was hidden, and signal to the soldiers. As the soldiers moved toward the houses, the men under Bayliss' command opened fire. The shots took the German soldiers by surprise and some of them panicked and ran while others dropped to the ground and began returning fire. Both tanks fired with their cannons but before either of them could do much damage, Bayliss' men set off the explosives buried at either end of the street. One of the tanks immediately caught fire and blew up in a mass of flames. The other tank, smoking but not on fire, turned like a huge, wounded metal bug and began to retreat.

During all of this, SS Colonel Zeiss had been screaming at his soldiers through his bullhorn. Now, as Bayliss had rehearsed it, one of the men on the Allied team launched a couple of smoke grenades so they landed in the street on either side of the Nazi colonel. As the smoke rose in blinding waves, the Colonel's view was obscured, he was isolated from the rest of his men, and Steve Bayliss made a diving run out the front door of the house. Colonel Zeiss probably didn't even see Bayliss until the American slammed into him, bringing him down with a hard, jolting tackle.

Both men hit the ground with a force that almost knocked the breath from them. Bayliss had the colonel's good hand, with a Luger clutched in it, pinned to the German's side. But Zeiss made an instinctive, savage swipe with his steel claw that just missed the American's throat. Bayliss cursed and shoved the barrel of his Colt .45 into the colonel's jaw. "Don't move," Bayliss snarled, "or I'll blow your head off." The American snatched the Luger from the Nazi officer and shoved it into his own belt.

The smoke around the two men was beginning to drift off. Bayliss could see more than a dozen dead German soldiers lying on the street around him while the rest of the Nazis, after firing off a few final rounds, were swiftly retreating from the village. All along the street other members of the Allied team were pouring from the houses, still firing at the disappearing Germans until they were lost to sight beyond the village.

Bayliss yanked the Nazi colonel to his feet, still holding the Colt .45 on him as the rest of the Americans and British, and Roald Myllar gathered around him. The

townspeople, too, had come out of their houses and were watching.

"How many casualties did we take?" Bayliss asked quickly looking at the smoke-blackened faces of his squad.

"Three," Sgt. Ray Tate answered him. "Lt. Brewster got it, and so did Hugh Emerson and Val Gordon."

"Damn, damn, damn!" Bayliss said bitterly, shaking his head.

"But none of the villagers was killed or wounded," Roald Myllar added.

"Well, that's something," Bayliss said. He handed Colonel Zeiss over to Sgt. Tate and the commandos, Brian Wade and John Campbell. "Shackle him up and let's get the hell out of here. We've still got a long way to go."

After making arrangements with the townspeople to dispose of the bodies of the dead, Allied and German, Bayliss and his men, with the prisoner, Colonel Zeiss, set out from the village for the long march back across country to a distant point on the seacoast. The Norwegian, Roald Myllar, would lead them, and once at the coast, a small fishing vessel belonging to the underground would take them to England.

Before they left, Bayliss removed Colonel Zeiss' steel claw, loosening the leather straps that attached the mechanical hand to the German's stump of wrist and packed it in a knapsack. The colonel had been handcuffed and secured by a length of iron shackle, one end of which was attached to Sgt. Tate in front of him and the other to the British commando, Brian Wade, who would march behind him.

The colonel spat at Bayliss and said, "You won't get far with me, Yankee. My men will still come after you and hunt you down."

Bayliss didn't bother to answer him and the group, Myllar in the lead, followed by Bayliss and then Tate and Wade with Zeiss between them, and Campbell bringing up the rear, moved out. For most of the remainder of that day, except for periodic breaks to rest, the men marched toward the coast. Late in the afternoon they heard a rumbling sound in the distance behind them and Bayliss shouted, "Gag the colonel. And get down, out of sight. All of you." Bayliss himself ran back through the trees until he reached the edge of a clearing. He waited there, hidden, binoculars to his eyes until a single Panzer tank came into view with several Nazi soldiers on foot moving along with it. It was the remnants of Colonel Zeiss' squad. Bayliss counted eleven soldiers on foot.

He hurried back to where he had left the others. "Get moving," he ordered. "Keep heading south as fast as you can. I'll try to catch up with you."

Bayliss waited until the rest of the squad, with Colonel Zeiss, had disappeared into the forest ahead, and then rapidly calculated what he had to do. His job was made easier for him because most of the trees in the forest grew close together and the tank had to maneuver to get through. Bayliss picked a spot between two thick stands of trees, dug a hole with a spade from his knapsack, and buried a land mine in the open space be-

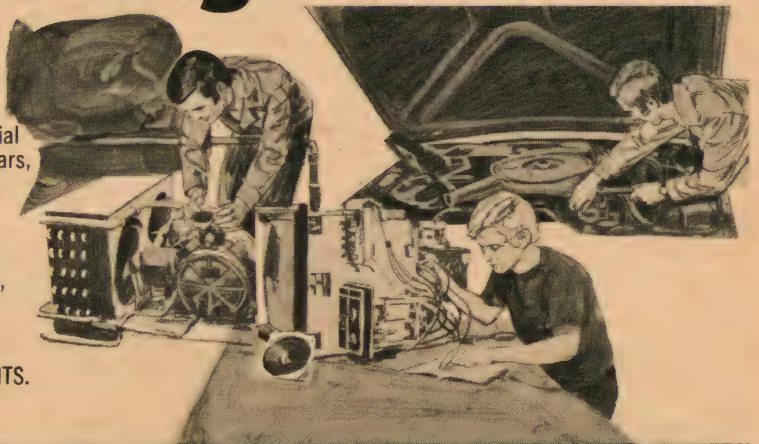
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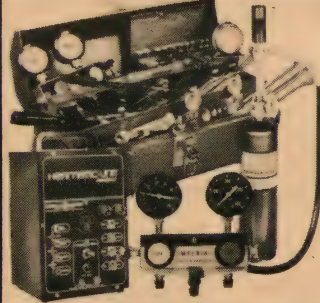
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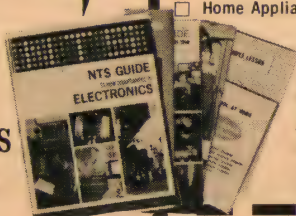
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tween the trees.

Once the task was completed, Bayliss hid himself in the trees at a distance and waited. It wasn't long before the soldiers and the tank came into view. The OSS captain kept his eyes on the spot where the mine lay buried and was disappointed when the tank rolled onto the spot and nothing happened. Bayliss was just beginning to sweat, fearing the mine was a dud, when there was a deafening explosion that shook the whole forest and he saw the tank blow up in a searing flash of fire that scattered metal and bodies in all directions in the forest. Bayliss remained where he was only long enough to count the soldiers who had survived the mine explosion: four. That equalized the odds; five to five; counting Myllar on the Allied side, the Nazi colonel on the enemy side, even though he was a prisoner. Bayliss turned and ran until he caught up with the rest of the squad and the prisoner. They continued on until just before sundown when Bayliss called a halt for the night. The squad slept in the middle of a forest of fir trees, alternating watch duty.

Next morning they discovered Campbell's body lying under the trees a couple of yards away. He had been bayoneted while he slept. None of the squad had heard anything in the night, but now they knew that the Nazi soldiers were still tracking them, hitting and running, trying to pick them off one at a time. The men dug a grave and buried Campbell's body before moving on.

They marched straight through that day, to make better time, taking rations and water while they moved. In mid-afternoon they reached a point where the forest began to thin. Ahead was an open valley which ran straight up against the side of a small mountain.

There was a shallow ravine, a gulch left by a dried-up stream, that twisted across the valley and Bayliss decided the squad would march across the top of the bank of the ravine. If an attack came they could try to find cover in the stream bottom. Bayliss took the point, with the other men strung out behind him as they started across the valley. They had covered close to a mile of ground when there was the sudden sharp crack of a high-powered rifle and Brian Wade, shot through the head by a hidden marksman, screamed and fell sideways down into the ravine. He was still attached by the iron shackle to the Nazi colonel who was still attached to Sgt. Tate on the other end. The weight of Wade's body falling pulled Zeiss and Tate down into the ravine, too. As more rifle fire whipped across the valley, Bayliss and Myllar followed the others into the ravine.

Bayliss quickly freed Sgt. Tate from the Nazi prisoner, gagged the colonel so he couldn't call to his men, and made sure that Zeiss was still securely chained to Brian Wade's body. The Nazi colonel couldn't get far dragging a dead body behind him. Bayliss, Tate, and Myllar wormed their way up the side of the ravine and began firing back at the Germans. Now and then they could see the German soldiers crawling through the grass to get closer to the ravine. Bayliss

figured the enemy soldiers had already calculated that they had the men in the ravine outnumbered four-to-three and would probably try to rush them. He warned Tate and Myllar to be ready.

Instead, what happened was that the Germans stayed in position and kept up a steady withering fire to keep the men in the ravine pinned down. Bayliss couldn't figure this tactic out until he realized that possibly the Nazis meant to try to send a couple of men around to attack from the rear. He had just had the thought and shifted around to watch the other side of the ravine when two German soldiers appeared at the top of the bank of the stream bed behind him.

Bayliss shouted a warning to the others and fired at the same time. He shot one soldier through the stomach and Tate shot the second man through the neck. Both tumbled into the ravine. But the soldier Tate shot had been holding an unpinched grenade in his hand. As the soldier fell, the grenade rolled down the side of the ravine and came to rest only a few inches from where Bayliss, Tate and Myllar were crouching. There was one long, agonizing second in which Bayliss expected to be blown up. In that split second of time the Norwegian, Myllar, threw his body on top of the grenade.

There was a muffled booming sound from under Myllar's body and the Norwegian was flung back against the side of the ravine, his chest and stomach blasted open from head to thigh. He had been a brave man and Bayliss silently acknowledged his bravery and then turned to Tate and whispered, "Hold your fire. The last two soldiers must have heard the sound of the grenade and they'll think we're dead if we stay down and keep quiet. Sooner or later they have to come investigate and then we'll have another crack at them."

The two Germans out beyond the ravine kept up a steady fire for several minutes more, and Bayliss and Tate could tell from the sound that the soldiers were edging closer and closer to the ravine. The two men, rifles in hand, crawled up the side of the ravine and dug in near the top just as two of the German soldiers came plunging over the top of the bank. The two Nazis and Bayliss and Tate were so close together that there was no room to fire. The Germans, bayonets on their rifles outthrust, leaped for Bayliss and Tate. Bayliss barely had time to roll out of the way as the German soldier coming at him buried the end of his bayonet in the side of the ravine inches from the American's head. The two men closed together then and went rolling down the side of the ravine.

The German's fingers were digging into Bayliss' throat, cutting off his breath. Choking and gasping for air, the OSS captain used the last of his strength to bring his knee up and slam it into the Nazi's gut, breaking the hold on his neck and knocking the soldier backwards across the ravine. As Bayliss got up, the Nazi soldier came to his feet, too, a knife in his hand. Bayliss backed away as the soldier came toward him, knife point flicking from side to side. Bayliss saw the German's rifle still stuck, bayonet-first, in the side of the ra-

vine. The American yanked the rifle free. The German, knife out-stretched, sprang forward just as Bayliss swung the rifle around. There was a scream of pain and terror as the Nazi soldier impaled himself on the end of his own bayonet. He went down clutching at the length of sharp steel sticking from his stomach, and was still.

On the other side of the ravine, Sgt. Tate staggered to his feet holding his rifle by the barrel, its stock smashed and bloody. At his feet lay the other German soldier with his skull crushed in.

"It's over," Tate said wonderingly to Bayliss. "By God, Captain, we did it."

Weary as Bayliss and Tate were, they buried the dead, Allied and enemy, in the ravine before they got ready to move on. When they had freed the colonel from Wade's body, Tate had chained Zeiss to himself for the march across the mountain. Bayliss crawled up the side of the ravine so he could pull Tate and Zeiss up and had just reached the top when he heard a yell from below. He looked down and saw that Zeiss had moved his handless wrist free from the handcuffs and was bludgeoning Tate across the back of the head with the empty handcuff. The Nazi officer was, at the same time, trying to wrest Tate's rifle away.

As Bayliss went slipping and sliding back down into the ravine, he saw Tate, beaten to his knees by the merciless lashing from the handcuff, clinging to his rifle with one hand while he drew his pistol from the holster with the other hand. Both Tate and Zeiss fell in a tangled heap and there was a single shot from the pistol before Bayliss reached them.

Bayliss grabbed Colonel Zeiss by the back of the neck and threw him against the side of the ravine. Tate, still clutching the rifle and pistol, lay on his back dead, his skull crushed in. Bayliss, half-retching, turned to pull Colonel Zeiss to his feet and saw then that Tate's single shot had blown away the Nazi's right kneecap. The colonel, grimacing, still managed to say, "So, it was all for nothing; eh, Yankee? Oh, I'll die when you leave me here, but at least you won't have taken me in alive."

At dawn the next day Bayliss reached the seacoast on the opposite side of the mountain and the members of the Norwegian underground who were waiting there for him to arrive with his prisoner. That same morning Bayliss and the Nazi colonel were put aboard a small fishing trawler and on their way to England.

Less than a week later a British Spitfire made a leisurely sweep over the Norwegian countryside and dropped thousands and thousands of photographs of Nazi Colonel Horst Zeiss, handcuffed and scowling, an obvious captive. The photographs showed he was the prisoner of the two men who sat on either side of him, one a well-known, easily-recognizable American general and the other an equally well-known and recognizable British statesman.

There were many people in Norway who believed that *Operation Quicksilver*, under the command of Captain Steve Bayliss, gave the Norwegian underground the renewed hope it needed to carry on its fight against the Nazi oppressors until the final victory on V-E Day. □



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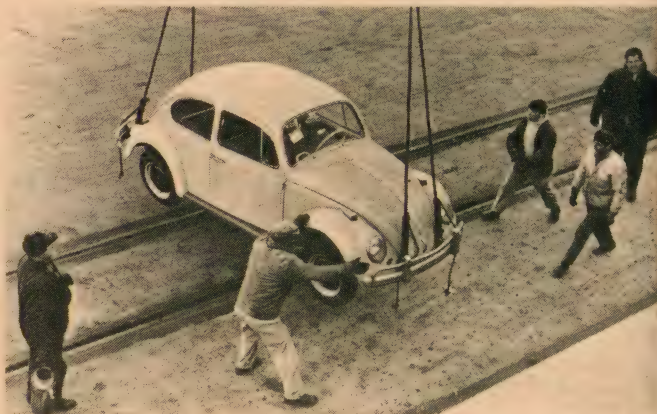
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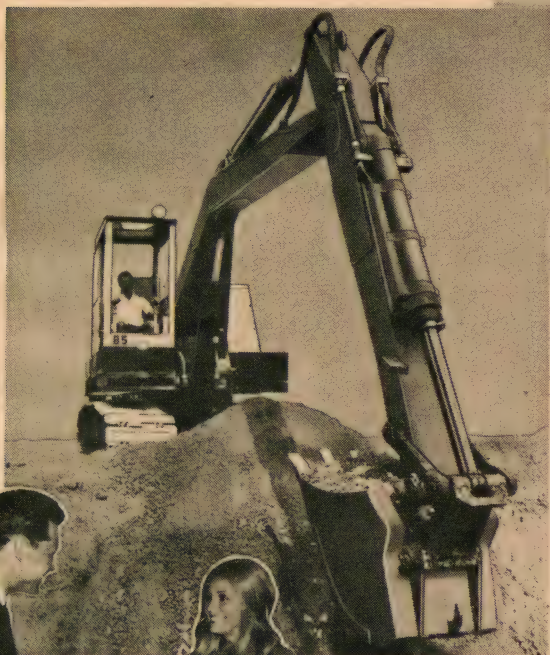
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VICKIE

(Continued from page 21)

open. "Jim," she said. "Jimmy Collins."

"Surprised?" I said.

"Yes. What—?"

"What's your price?" I said.

"Huh?" She smiled weakly.

"What's it cost to go to bed with you these days?"

"Nothing—for you, Jimmy. You know that."

"Bull. Don't tell me I'm still someone special." I took two twenties from my wallet and jammed them between her breasts. They were naked under her blouse. She pulled the bills out and tried to give them back to me.

"I won't do it with you," she said. "I won't."

"You will," I said. I grabbed her wrist and squeezed it.

"Stop it," she said. She tried to free her arm, but I held on, tightening my grip. Vickie winced.

"I'll break your goddamn arm," I said.

"I mean it. Now let's go."

"Where?"

"Where do you normally take your tricks?"

"I've got a pad."

"Okay. Take me there. Now, Vickie!"

Her pad was less than a block away, around the corner. It was in a small, but nice, hotel, second floor up. Her room was no dump either. Nice furniture. An air conditioner was humming, there was a TV set, and paintings on the walls. She turned on a light in the bathroom, but no others.

"Okay," I said. "Let's get on with it."

She stared at me a second, shrugged, then undressed. First, the blouse; then, the hot pants. That left panties and bare, jiggling breasts. They hadn't changed. I watched them sway as she peeled the panties off and strolled, naked, to the bed. She stretched out on her back, waiting, and I got out of my clothes.

There were no preliminaries, no gentle foreplay, none of that. I went right at her. Wrapping a hand around each of her breasts, I rose to my knees and wedged myself between her thighs. I kissed her so hard that her mouth opened and my teeth ground against hers. I twisted my head, pressing down brutally. Between her legs, I began thrusting at her. I probed fiercely, insistently—until, still dry and tight, she opened. I went into her all the way, the length of me, before she was ready, and it hurt her. She made a small "oh" sound, flinching. I slid my hands to her hips. I held them firmly, keeping her middle tight on mine, and shoved myself even deeper into her. In all the way, I pulled my hips back, almost withdrawing from her. Then I bucked forward again, hard and fast. I kept it up like that, moving in and out, slowly at first, then faster. Under me, Vickie began tossing her head and moaning, biting her lip. The moan was one of half pain, half delight. Sweat greased her skin and, inside, she turned

slick, a channel of liquid heat. Before it was over, her moans had become whimpers of pleasure. She writhed in my arms, her hands clinging to my buttocks as they rose and fell. But for me, it ended as it had begun—and with each final thrust, my anger flowed into her.

Drained, I rolled off and away from her and lay on my back, staring at the ceiling. Vickie got up and padded into the bathroom. I heard water running and then she returned and stood beside the bed, above me.

"Here," she said. I felt paper flutter against my chest, and looked down. My two \$20 bills were lying there. "I only take money when a guy makes love to me," she said. "You made hate."

So I had. And so—later—because I still loved Vickie, I told her I was sorry.

"It's just—this," I said. "The last time I saw you, you were my girl. I go to Vietnam for a year and when I come back, you're a prostitute. Now can you explain that to me?"

"Probably not," Vickie said. I just—well, after you left, I fell off the wagon. You weren't there to hold it all together for me, to make it all make sense. So I started smoking marijuana again and I was on bennies for a while. One thing led to another. There was that nowhere job and that nowhere town—and Ralph. Jesus—him most of all. I don't know—I just woke up one morning and decided it was time to split."

"But why here? To this?" I said.

"It just happened," she said. "I was hitchhiking and this cool guy came along in a Porsche and this was where he was going. Well, he made love to me on the way down. I mean, I'm sorry, Jimmy, but he was a real cool guy, and I was in a bummer of a mood and you were a thousand goddamn miles away."

"And that's how all this started?"

"Yeah, sort of. He dropped me off right here on the strip. I was here about 15 minutes, just walking up and down with my bedroll on my back, and I met Harry."

"Harry?"

"My man. My pimp."

"Jesus!"

"We got to rapping and Harry said why not do it for money? For bread—you know? What else was a chick like me going to do for bread in the big city? So I said why not?"

"A pimp!" I said.

"Look, don't knock him. Harry takes good care of me," Vickie said. "He pays the rent on the room. He buys me clothes. He'll get me a lawyer if I get busted, and bond money."

"In return for which he gets how much of what you make?"

"I give it all to him—but he's generous."

"How much is all, Vickie? What do you make?"

"Well—\$320 last week. I'm good, Jimmy."

I got up and started dressing.

"Do you still love me, Jimmy?"

I looked at her. She was still naked, sitting there on the bed in the dim light. She'd taken the blond wig off and her long brown hair lay on her shoulders and

the tops of her breasts. She looked like the old Vickie, my Vickie.

"What do you think?" I said.

I turned the doorknob behind me. Get out, sap! I said to myself. But inside, way down, hope lingered, holding me there.

"Aren't you even going to ask me?"

Vickie said.

"Ask you what?"

"To go back with you."

I stared at her. "Will you?" I said.

She got off the bed. She walked over and put her hands on my shoulders, the tips of her breasts just brushing me. "I can't," she said. "But I wanted you to ask. I mean, thanks, Jimmy."

"Sure," I said. I turned and opened the door.

"Jimmy? Are you—going back to the Falls now?"

"I guess," I said. "Why should I stay here, Vickie?" I went out, closing the door behind me.

I'd found a cheap hotel room. It was seven long blocks away, off the strip. I was tired when I got there, but not sleepy—so I went on down the street to a bar. Two hours later, drunk, I returned to my room. I stretched out on the bed, and remembered. The way it had been—once—not much more than two years before:

We are on the beach. We have our own portion of it, Vickie and I. It is our beach. It is more than an hour's drive from Little Falls, but we have made the trip many times. It is worth it, because our house is there. It really isn't our house, of course; we don't own it—or have any idea who does. It is our house in the sense that Vickie has fallen in love with it, and where it is situated—and I have promised to build her one like it in some similar place some day. It is up beyond the dunes, built of fieldstone, low and rambling, fronted by beach grass and surrounded by tall pines. Once, Vickie said, "If you'll build a house like that for me, Jimmy, I'll marry you. I will." I will settle for her on those terms. So I—we?—have made plans. I will be drafted, serve my two years and (if I don't get killed) return and go to college. There isn't enough money, so Vickie will work. She can handle a PBX and a typewriter and will make money to help—maybe as my wife, maybe as my girl. She has put me off on that point.

But today, all that seems remote and never-to-be. Vickie has had it with her life again, a frequent occurrence lately. It is closing in on her—the slavish routine of her job, the oppressive ordinariness of Little Falls, the pressures that she feels to conform, to be like the other 6,000 people who live there. But most of all perhaps, there is Ralph—as she insists on calling her widowed stepfather. He is alcoholic, given to rages, overly protective of his only daughter, ignorant and fearful of what she and her friends have discovered and claimed—sex without ties, drugs, self-expression in general. Last night, going through her clothes, he found half a joint in the pocket of her jeans. He confronted her with it, then hit her. He used the flat of his hand; still, her cheek is bruised today and her eye is swollen. "Some goddamn day," she tells me, "I'm going to get out of this town. I mean it." I try to



Don Bolander, M.A., University of Chicago; B.S., Northwestern University; Director of Career Institute; authority on adult education.

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soothe her, console her. But I believe what she says, and I see my house-marriage-college dream fading. I sit there, talking and talking, but she doesn't hear me. She is 17 and she is restless. She wants to fly away, my Vickie. I wonder if she really shares my dream, though; if that will be her solution—or if she is only in my dream.

Next day, I was on Vickie's part of the strip. Breathing hard—I'd half run the seven blocks—I got to the brick storefront, and didn't see her. Vickie wasn't there. My watch said one-twenty. Too early? What time do you start hustling, Vickie? When does your working day begin? I went to her hotel, knocked on her door—but she didn't answer. Outside again, I hurried back to her corner and asked around. A cab stand, a parking lot. The dispatcher and attendants weren't sure. A lot of girls worked the street. A half block away, at a newsstand, the dealer knew her.

He pointed across the street. "Over there."

I crossed the street. Cappy's was a restaurant, a little walk-down-from-the-sidewalk-level place. I walked in and saw her and the "others" around a table in the back. There were five heads above the top of the booth, four of them female, one of them blond—fake blond. My spirits, which had been way up there but slipping all the way in from the beach, hit bottom. There they were, in numbers, four of the girls, talking shop probably. And I didn't want to even think about who he was. I walked back to them. Vickie looked surprised when she saw me; the others just seemed annoyed.

"Vickie," I said.

"Hi, Jimmy."

"I have to talk to you. Just—gimme a minute. Okay?"

She hesitated, looking around at the others. "Well," she said finally. "Okay—." Two of the girls had to slide out of the booth to let her out—and they didn't look too happy about it. I led Vickie to the front of the restaurant. "I thought you were going back to the Falls today," she said.

"I was, but I changed my mind. I want you to go with me."

"What're you talking about? No. Look, Jimmy. That's over with—the house, all of that. This is my life now. Harry's my life. I'm in it and I like it. I'm not putting you on. This is where I belong now. I don't want what the Falls has—all that straight world stuff."

"I know you hate it there," I said. "But you can't want this either. You can't tell me you enjoy having all those businessmen from the straight world doing it to you, all those guys you despise using you."

"Money—and freedom. I'm doing what I want for once in my life."

"Freedom," I said. "That's crap, Vickie. You're a slave here, too. What'll you do when you're forty years old? What'll you do then with your freedom?"

"Stop it, Jimmy. You're cruel. Okay. Just give me some time, Jimmy—to think it over. Okay?"

"Sure," I said. And I left Cappy's and

left Vickie to go back to Harry.

Waiting around wasn't easy. How much time was "some time?" And what the hell was I supposed to do with myself? I mean, besides staying away from Vickie and the strip? I held out for three days, drinking mostly, in that little bar near my hotel, taking in movies. The night I finally walked over to the strip, I'd seen one flick three times running. I'd sat there in the theater all afternoon, and then I'd had three fast drinks—so by the time I got to the strip, I had a headache and a sour stomach. Vickie wasn't at her storefront, so I had to walk on down the street, looking. I dropped down into Cappy's, and the guy behind the cash register said I'd just missed her, to check down the street at a bistro called Al's Place, that she'd been in a mood.

A mood? What the hell did that mean? I found Al's Place, which was a subterranean barroom, and dark as a cave. I went inside and when my eyes got adjusted, I saw Vickie, blond-wigged, up at the padded, black vinyl bar. She was smoking and she had a cocktail in front of her.

"Hi," I said, and backed into a chair beside her.

"Jimmy," she said flatly.

"You look down," I said. "What's the trouble?"

"Yeah. Well—" She picked up her drink. It looked like gin. In fact, Vickie smelled of gin. "It's been sort of a bad night," she said.

The bartender wanted to know if I was drinking or talking. I said both and told him to bring another for Vickie, too.

"I guess I came back at the right time," I said.

"Right time for what?" she said.

"You wanted to think it over. About—you know."

"Yeah." She ground her cigarette out, mashing it in an ashtray. I hadn't seen her smoking a legitimate weed or having a cocktail for two years. "I don't know," she said. "The way I feel tonight—. But—."

"But what? If you're that angry, get out. Right now. We can walk out that door and right out of this city, you know."

"It's not that easy."

"Why not? Why isn't it that easy?"

"There's Harry, for one thing."

"What about him? He doesn't own you."

The bartender brought two martinis, and Vickie fired up another cigarette.

"He set me up here," she said. "It wouldn't be—fair. I just couldn't go tell him I was quitting."

"Well, I could," I said. "I'll tell him."

"I don't know."

"What's not to know? Do you want to go back out on that street tonight?"

"No—." She sighed and puffed on her cigarette. She was really uptight, despite the gin.

"Well, then—?"

"Well—okay. I—just, no promises. Okay? I mean, you talk to him, and then we'll see."

I jumped off the chair.

"Now you're talking," I said. "Where is old Harry? Where do I find him?"

"Right back there," Vickie said. She nodded toward the rear of the barroom. Which threw me. I'd expected to take a walk, to have time to think about how I was going to approach him. What do you say to a pimp? But, no—he was 30 feet from me in a goddamn booth. I took a deep breath and walked back, not as steady as I wanted to be. I found him in the last booth. He was alone, just sitting, his hands wrapped around a mug of coffee. A dim light on the wall shone on the table, leaving his face in darkness.

"Harry?" I said.

For a moment, he didn't stir. When he did look at me, his face was blank.

"Jim Collins," I said.

"I remember you from the day at Cappy's. Vickie's old friend."

"Right."

"How are you, old friend?"

"All right," I said. "Look, we gotta talk."

"So talk." He gestured toward the seat across the table from him, and I slid in.

"I've asked Vickie to go home with me," I said. "To leave here."

Harry spread his hands, palms up. "Hey," he said, grinning. "Ease off, man. I've got no chains on Vickie."

"You mean it's okay with you?"

"Not exactly okay, man. I mean, Vickie's one of the best ladies in my stable. And she's got a future. You dig? That's one real high-class hustler." He took a sip of his coffee. "But—if she really wants to split—. I mean—." He stopped in mid-sentence, shrugging.

"You wouldn't try to stop her," I said.

"No way, man."

I slid out of the booth. "I'll tell her that, Harry."

"Hold on, man," he said.

"Yeah?"

"A couple of things you ought to know though." He waited, and I sat back down. "First off, Vickie's weak. All hustlers are. They need someone to tell them what to do. Someone strong. She had you once, I take it. But I'm her strength now. She might be able to go back and make it with you, man. I don't know. But you'd better be able to face it. Any time, she could split and come hightailing it back to her Harry."

"I'll take that chance," I said. "Anything else?"

"Well, yeah. When I said I wouldn't try to stop her from leaving—. Well, I mean, I was only speaking for myself, like they say."

"What's that mean?"

"That means—well—like the bread I make from my ladies, I invest it. You dig? Now, those cats who get that bread might not take too kindly to Vickie splitting with you."

"Who're these cats you're talking about?"

Harry grinned. "Oh, come on, man. I can't give you any names. Let's just say these cats are real big people. Important. You dig? And, uh, dangerous. Like if you get in their way, they're gonna step on you. You got the picture, man?"

"Come on, Harry." I leaned across the booth. "I'm asking you. Give us 24 hours. Enough time to get away from this town."

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What do you say?"

Harry leaned back, studying me through his rimless glasses. He picked up his coffee mug, took several sips, then put it down. He grinned. "You know," he said, "you're some hard-nosed cat . . . uh . . . what'd Vickie say your name was?"

"Jim. Jimmy."

"I can't promise you anything."

"Look," I said. "Are you going to tell them or aren't you?"

"I don't know, man," Harry snapped.

"I don't know."

I slid out of the booth and stood up.

"Hey," Harry said quietly.

"Yeah?"

"I'll think it over, man."

"Thanks," I said sarcastically.

Harry grinned. "Look, man," he said. "It's a rough world. You have to take your chances."

Thanks for the hot tip, I thought as I walked back to Vickie. She had a fresh drink in her hand, but she still looked tense.

"Well?" she said. "What did he say?"

"He said he wouldn't stop you from going."

"He did?" Vickie seemed almost let down.

"Yeah. He said you were good, and that he'd hate to see you go, but that he had no chains on you."

She peered toward Harry's booth, uncertain. "Is that all he said?"

"That's all," I lied. "So what do you say?"

Vickie stared at her drink. "I . . . I don't know. It's too sudden. Too soon."

"Too sudden?! Too soon?!" I'd been tense too, filling up with it. I let it all out now, exploding, like steam hissing from a ruptured valve. "Jesus Christ, Vickie! You've had three goddamn days to think about it." I spun on my heels and stormed out of Al's Place, starting up the strip. But she came after me, running, and I stopped. She caught up to me and put her fingers on my arm.

"Tomorrow," she said between breaths. "Give me till then, Jimmy. Come to my pad in the morning. I'll let you know then. I . . . I promise, Jimmy. Tomorrow."

"Sure, Vickie," I said. I pulled my arm away from her fingers and walked away, not looking back.

I went to my hotel room. I didn't feel like drinking, which was fortunate, because twenty minutes after I got there, my phone rang.

"Yeah?" I said, picking it up.

"It's me," Vickie said.

"What's up?" I said.

"I was just with Harry. He wants to talk with you."

"Oh? Again? What about?"

"I don't know what about. He just wants to see you. Tonight. About one o'clock."

"Where?"

"At my pad."

"Okay," I sighed. "I'll be there. Early, okay?"

"Yeah. That'll be great. See you." We hung up.

I got to Vickie's pad about eleven o'clock. I was tired, and depressed, but when I saw her, I started feeling better. She was wearing a shorty negligee that stopped just below her hips. Her nipples were dark splashes under the gauzy material. Her mound of hair was a mysterious shadow, her buttocks like rounded twin halfmoons. I went to her, filling my hands with their resilient flesh, pulling her in against me.

"Ooooh," she purred, feeling my erection. "You're so ready."

"It's been a tough three days."

"I know."

Our mouths came together, her breath mingling with mine. She smelled of soap and perfume and woman.

"I'll make love this time," I said. "Not hate."

We made it go on a long time there on her bed. Although we wanted to plunge ahead, we forced ourselves to wait. We aroused each other slowly, thoroughly, each of us knowing from long experience what the other liked. It was a good, long romp, replete with sighs and moans, and when neither of us could forestall our need any longer, I rolled Vickie over onto her back and joined us. She was like a wet, warm glove, her inner muscles grasping my distended hardness like hands. Together, we climbed to a quick, almost unbearable peak of ecstasy, arriving at the top almost simultaneously. Powerful orgasms ripped through us. We shuddered,

clutching at each other, and dropped from the peak together, falling down and away into peace and darkness, floating, floating.

I had my face between Vickie's breasts, drowsily half-asleep, when they kicked the door in. There were two of them. In the semi-darkness, I could see them well. Both were big, one well over 200 pounds, the other close to it. The bigger man had a blond crew cut and a babyish face. He had no neck. His head sat right on broad shoulders and a bull-like chest. His hands were meaty, his legs thick stumps. The other man was dark, his hair black, his face pockmarked. He had a boxer's build, lean, flat and hard. Both men were wearing suits and hard expressions, like it was a business call.

The dark guy got to me first. He hit me in the stomach. I felt my breath go and sat back down, gasping. Black hair hit me again, this time on the chin, snapping me backward across the bed. I heard Vickie scream and felt her squirm out from under the back of my head. I could taste blood in my mouth, warm and salty, and my ears were ringing. I tried to sit up, but the blond guy materialized above me, on the other side of the bed, put his hands under my armpits and whipped me onto the floor. I landed on my back, my head banging. He kicked me three times—once on the jaw, once in the ribs, and once in my naked scrotum. I screamed, the pain like fire, rolled onto my side and doubled up, cupping my groin with my hands. Crew cut bent down, picked me up and dropped me on the bed.

"That's enough," I heard the dark guy say. "I think he's got the word about taking her away."

I glanced toward where his voice was and saw that black hair had Vickie, an arm snugged around her waist.

"It's the broad's turn now," he said.

The dark guy, holding Vickie's arms behind her, pulled her back and down onto the foot of the bed in a sitting position. She was squirming now, her mouth agape, her eyes wide. Crew cut advanced on her, holding a cigarette out in front of himself.

"No," Vickie said. "Please!"

"This is in case you were thinking of going with him," the blond guy said.

"And to remind the other girls," the dark guy said. "In case they get any ideas."

My vision was hazy, but I saw what followed all too clearly. While the dark guy held Vickie's arms, crew cut stepped forward and pressed the burning end of the cigarette into the valley between the tops of her naked breasts. She screamed. She kicked out, writhing, but black hair held her, and the blond guy kept the cigarette pressed to her skin. Smoke curled toward the ceiling. Vickie screamed again, her body jerking, her face twisted in anguish. The smell of seared skin reached my nostrils.

Seconds seem to last forever at times like that. But it had to be all of a minute before crew cut stepped back. He dropped the cigarette on the floor and ground it out with his shoe. Then he and black hair



"There are certain things I won't do. But that doesn't apply to sex."



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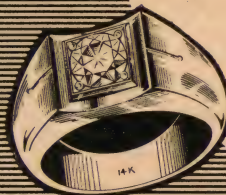
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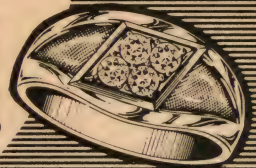


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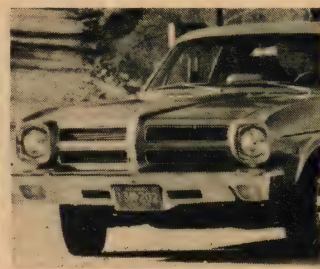
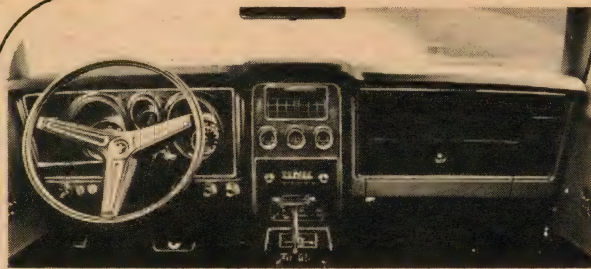
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By **DAN EDWARDS**

HO-HUM—Electric cars, steam-powered cars, turbine engine-powered cars, natural gas-powered cars, and so on. The automakers continue their attempts to come up with a practical (that is, profitable) car that is non-polluting or low-polluting, but so far none of the above are anywhere near the production stage. The apparent leader is the Wankel engine car. The Wankel, an internal combustion engine that is more efficient, simpler and less polluting than conventional auto engines, may appear in a General Motors car in 2 to 3 years and, if successful (that is, profitable), will be put into full production by 1976 or thereabouts. After that, Detroit will probably begin serious work on producing a gas-turbine car. However, by then their customers—that's us—may have all choked to death on the exhaust fumes of the cars we are now driving.

RED WAGONS—The Russians have discovered the automobile—and it's problems. Soviet officialdom has "relaxed" its attitudes concerning private ownership of cars, no longer considering automobile production as wasteful of natural resources. There are now—hold onto your hats, comrades—about a million-and-a-half privately owned passenger cars in the U.S.S.R. today. That's for a population of 240 million or so.

Prices of new cars are astronomical (\$5,000 to \$10,000, with yearly average salaries of \$1,500), and the waiting lists of buyers are long. As for the other problems: There is a vigorous black market in used cars which officials have been unable to stamp out despite stiff penalties; drunken driving is common, and accidents involving serious injuries and fatalities are causing growing concern. Sound familiar, American motorists? Welcome to the Auto Age, Russian motorists.

"NO-CAR DAY"—Farther to the east, in Japan, where cars have long been causing problems, 20 cities and towns recently proclaimed "No-Car Day" on a Sunday. The idea wasn't exactly a rousing success: traffic on main streets

was cut by only about 10 percent. But officials of the Council of Mayors of Tokyo, who originated the idea, are still trying to get the Japanese motorist to leave his car at home on the third Sunday of every month. If automobile air pollution gets much worse in U.S. cities (and in certain suburban areas lately), "No-Car Days" may become vital.

SOCKIN' IT TO 'EM—Governor Ronald Reagan of California signed a bill into law recently that requires the licensing of the state's auto repair dealers. Calling the new law "the toughest consumer protection bill of the year in California," Reagan said it was "aimed at cracking down on a certain irresponsible segment of the auto repair industry which persists in using dishonest and unethical operating methods."

California, which has more autos than any other state, also has, naturally, the most consumer complaints about the auto repair business. It's time for every state to license repairmen, we're thinking.

THROW-AWAYMOBILE—Both the Volkswagen Company and the Toyota Motor Company (Japan) have denied persistent rumors that both are planning to produce "disposable" cars. That is, they would be cheap and designed to run for a year or two, or 10,000 miles or so, then be discarded. Hell, a lot of us already have cars like that. Only they're not cheap, so you have to keep having them repaired.

FULL HOUSE—Policemen are naturally suspicious, so when an officer cruising on Route 9W near Nyack, N.Y. spotted three kids sitting in the trunk of a car heading south, he ordered the driver to pull over. Then he ordered the occupants of the car to pile out—and pile out they did, all 25 of them. Yes, 25, counting the driver. He got a summons for operating a motor vehicle with more than three adults in the front seat. There was no statute covering the operation of a motor vehicle with 14 persons in the rear seat and three in the trunk.

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walked to the door. Without saying another word, they went out, almost carefully closing the splintered door behind them.

I crawled to Vickie. She was whimpering, her hands over her breasts. I stood up, thinking of going to the bathroom, but got only as far as the foot of the bed. I staggered backward, my tail just finding the edge of the mattress. My groin was throbbing. A livid welt was forming along my ribs. I stared at the floor between my legs and toward the door. I shook my head several times, trying to clear it.

Another minute must have passed before I realized Harry was standing there just inside the door.

"Nice going," I said to him. "You made up your mind."

He walked toward the bed, his eyes darting from Vickie to me. He looked un-Harry-like, un-cool, very rattled.

"You set us up," I said.

"No, man," Harry said. He spread his hands. "Okay. But I . . . I didn't know they'd do *this*. They said they were going to make an example of you. That's all. He looked at Vickie. "They didn't say nothing about doing anything to her."

"Sure," I said. I spat blood on the floor. "You were just an innocent bystander."

"I don't understand," Vickie said from behind me. "Who were they?"

"Harry never told you," I said. "Did he? The money he earns from you girls. It goes to—what word do you use, Harry?" I stared at him. "The mob? The Syndicate? That's where it ends up—doesn't it? What do they use it for, pimp? Let me guess. To buy narcotics? For loan sharking? What nice little vice do your girls support, Harry?"

"I . . . I don't know, man," Harry whined.

"You mean," Vickie said, "those two guys were—?"

"From the Mob," I said. "Syndicate goons."

I felt the mattress spring up as Vickie got off of it. Still naked, she walked by me toward Harry.

"I thought I mattered to you," she said to him.

But Harry wouldn't look at her.

Vickie slapped his face. The blow was vicious, and Harry's glasses flew off. He dropped to his knees and picked them up.

"Get out!" Vickie cried.

Harry started crawling toward the door, crab-like.

"Don't go," he said. "You can't leave here, Vickie. You can't go back to that hick town. I know you. We're two of a kind. We need each other."

"Get out!" she screamed.

Harry scrambled to his feet. He shot one, final, desperate look at Vickie, then rolled his eyes at me.

"Don't take her," he said. "They'll kill me, man."

I looked away from his pleading eyes. When I looked up again, Harry was gone.

"Will they?" Vickie said. "Kill him?"

"I doubt it," I said.

"Will they come after us?"

"I don't think so."

Vickie turned to me. "Do you still want me?"

"Come here," I said. □

NUDE SKIING

(Continued from page 15)

Later, Bill told me how I had looked coming down the hill: "Never been around like that in my life. I guess it was the way those beautiful breasts of yours bounced and swung at every move, the way you swivelled your hips to follow the grade of the trail . . ."

Two thirds of the way down to him, I could see quite clearly that Bill, who had removed his skis, had finally gotten over his nervousness. For a crazy instant, I had a vision of skiing right into his arms, joining my body with his in a single, wild movement. I didn't naturally. I'd have probably broken both our necks, among other things. What actually happened was almost as good. I made two quick banks to slow down, spread my skis in a V, stopped only inches from him.

Bill's hands—he had kept on his leather-palmed gloves—reached around to clutch my buttocks, pulled me toward him. He didn't even give me time to take off my skis, just hoisted me off the ground with his powerful arms, fell back against the tree trunk, lowered me onto his straining manhood. A delicious shiver went through me when his warm, moist mouth closed hungrily around one of my wind-chilled breasts. Despite the skis dangling clumsily from my feet, I revolved my hips to meet the quickening passion of his thrusts. My whimper of fulfillment preceded his groan of release by only seconds. I'm still not sure how, afterward, we had the strength to trudge up the steep, snow-covered hill to the spot where we had left our clothes . . .

We'd planned to stay only for the day—but when we got back to the lodge, Bill took a room for the night. After I gently rubbed a healing ointment into the bark burns on his shoulders and back, we made love again and again. The next morning he applied for membership in the Sunswept Slopes ski club . . .

Although nude skiing has been popular in Europe for several years, it has only recently been introduced to America. The Sunswept Slopes club in California's Sierra mountains was partly modelled on the famous Santhofen resort in West Germany, located on the 4000-foot-high *Buschenbergalm*. Like the Santhofen lodge, Sunswept Slopes offers its members a first class restaurant and comfortable rooms, a heated swimming pool, entertainment on weekends.

Our club differs in one respect from the West German model, which is a family resort. The lodge is strictly for swinging singles and liberated married couples who, if they have children, are required to leave them home with the baby sitter. "Sunswept Slopes" isn't the real name of the lodge, although any knowledgeable California ski buff can provide the actual name to prospective members. The lodge is located in a country that requires nudist camps to be totally hidden from public

view. Since no one has ever figured out how to fence in a mountain, a certain amount of subterfuge will be necessary until this old fashioned, puritanical law is repealed.

I was introduced to the club by a girl named Marjorie, a nurse in the clinic where I worked. Like thousands of young women in Southern California, Marge was a practicing sun worshipper, spending her weekends and vacations at one of the area's dozens of nudist colonies.

Actually, this was a scene that had never especially interested me. Not that I was a prude. Since my junior year in high school, I'd had lovers, regarded sex in all its forms as a normal, healthy, joyous activity. But I'd always been leery of nudism, unable to shake off mental pictures of naked sunburned people tossing around volleyballs and scampering hand-in-hand over the grass.

"Sunswept Slopes isn't like that at all," Marge told me with a chuckle. "Come on, try it for a day."

She finally convinced me. At first, I was more nervous than Bill Kramer. The nude skiing itself I found unbelievably exhilarating. The California mountains are one of the few areas in America where the sport is possible. For weeks every season, the temperature on many slopes hovers at the delicate point where the snow is firm enough for skiing and sunlight is plentiful. Of course, at the beginning of a run, you're kind of chilly—and, even under perfect circumstances, a spill into a drift can start your teeth chattering for hours. But once you're underway, physical exertion combines with the sun to produce a sensation of amazingly vital warmth.

(Not that my reaction is universal. I once spent a weekend at the lodge with a Viet Nam veteran I'll call Wallace N. After our first morning on the slopes, he got grumpy and went back to the room.

"First you're freezing and then you're burning up," he said. "We had the same thing in the Nam. Only we called it malaria." Some people just can't take it, I guess.)

Sensing my nervousness, Marge suggested that I try the sauna. "It'll untie those knots," she said. Half an hour later, I'd started my first affair at the lodge . . .

The wood-walled sauna bath was unoccupied when I entered it. I lay on a massage table, let that wonderful, dry heat creep into my body. My eyes were shut when I heard the door open and close. For a moment, I thought Marge had joined me. Then I looked up and saw a stocky, broad-shouldered—and naked—young man standing nearby. It hadn't occurred to me that the sauna was co-ed!

"Hi," he said with a nervous laugh. "You new here too?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Hard to get used to, isn't it?"

"A little."

I guess I was able to relax with the man—whose name was Jay—because he seemed as jumpy as myself. After a few minutes of idle chatter, lying nude in front of a strange male felt perfectly normal. When he offered to give me a rub-down, I just said "Sure" and turned over on my stomach. He had marvelous hands

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—firm but gentle as they expertly loosened the muscles of my back and neck.

"Do you want me to work on you a little?" I asked when he'd finished. I was doing my damndest to fight the prickling flush of desire sweeping through me.

Jay took my place on the table and, in my clumsy way, I rubbed his chest. There's one thing about nudism—if a man is in a loving mood, he can't hide it even if he wants to. Within seconds, the effect my hands had on him was startlingly visible.

"I'd better stop," I murmured.

"No," he moaned. He reached up and wrapped his fingers in my hair, began pushing my head forward.

I knew what he wanted and had no objections. In fact, I enjoy pleasing a man that way—as long as it stimulates him to other activities later. "Someone will come in," I said.

"They won't," he murmured. "Everyone's skiing this time of day. Place is deserted. Oh, please . . ."

But he didn't have to beg; my lips and tongue were already at work. When I had brought him to a state of quivering readiness, I swung on to the table, straddled his legs, took him inside me. He reached up with both hands and held my breasts, his thumbs flicking my tender nipples erect. Soon I was so inflamed that, even when I dimly heard the door open, I continued my violent lovemaking until we reached a wild mutual climax.

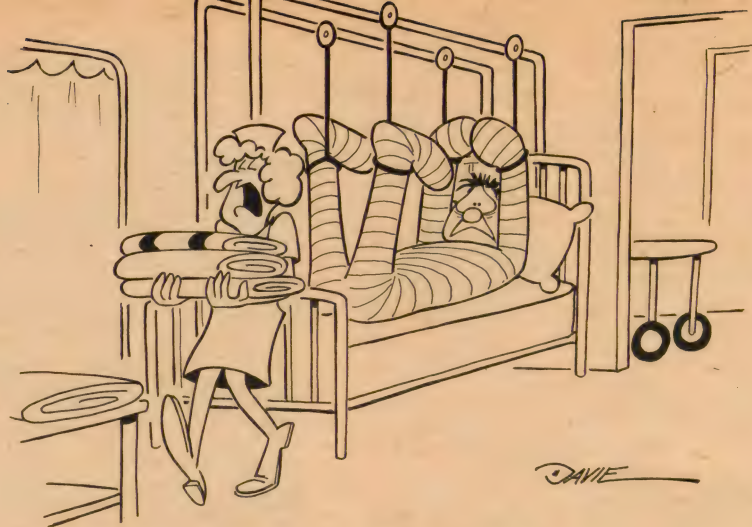
Panting, I fell off him, finally realized that it was Marge who had entered the sauna. "Well, you certainly got over your inhibitions fast!" she said sarcastically.

Apparently Jay hadn't. He sat up, saw Marge, grabbed his towel and hurried out, not even saying goodbye. "I must seem awful," I told Ruth, blushing with embarrassment. "But I couldn't help myself. I think it was because he's new here too."

Marge almost doubled over with laughter. "New?" she said. "That's Jay Bronson, the chief skiing instructor. He's played that trick on half the girls who've checked in without a husband or boy friend along—including me!"

Although I was angry at first, I soon got over it. In fact, Jay spent the night in the room I shared with Marge—my first experience in a three-way affair. In the beginning it was great. Then I realized that Marge was more interested in me than Jay. I let her continue, of course. I'd had a lot to drink and, after the things we'd done before, a sudden burst of modesty would have looked pretty silly. However, I've never gone for the Lesbian bit, simply doesn't do anything for me. I remained friendly with Marge but, from then on, I either came to the lodge with a boy friend or took a room of my own. I think this hurt her feelings but, after all, a girl has to draw the line somewhere . . .

Oddly enough, the only genuine orgy I saw didn't happen at the lodge. It occurred aboard an airplane, of all places! After winter really gets underway, skiing-in-the-buff becomes physically impossible, even for the hardest fans. Since Sunswep Slopes, for all its other advantages, is far from being a first class ski area, the club often organizes group excursions to better known resorts. Usually, we travelled on a two engine jet owned by a small, rather disreputable—but inexpensive—charter airline operating out of Los



"Hop out fella . . . I gotta change your-sack!"

Angeles.

(I can't tell you the company's name. After what happened on the 1971 return flight from Aspen, Colorado, the Federal Aviation Administration wouldn't be satisfied with revoking its license. They'd probably put the whole outfit in front of a firing squad!)

Anyway, the three days in Aspen were a terrific—but fully-clothed—ball! When the 23 club members boarded the charter plane for California, most of us were high on booze or pot. We had been aloft less than ten minutes when Harvey Bauer—a loud-mouthed practical joker I'd never liked—stood in the aisle and shouted: "Is this nudist club or not? Let's get comfortable!"

I guess the two stewardesses never knew what hit them. A few minutes later, they found themselves facing a cabinload of nude passengers. One of them ran into the cockpit. A second later, we heard the captain's stunned voice on the intercom, threatening to land at the nearest airport if we didn't put our clothes back on. Everyone burst into laughter, knowing full well that if the plane touched down while we were in this condition, the crew would be in more trouble than ourselves.

And so we kept droning south, the party getting wilder by the minute. Harvey and his friends had liberated the plane's liquor supply. Soon the whole thing started to get out of control. People were making love all over the place, in the craziest combinations you ever saw. Although I'd gone along with the gag and undressed, I'd been up most of the night before, only wanted to sleep.

To escape from the noise, I rose and walked toward a group of empty seats at the rear of the plane, slapping away the hands that grabbed at me from both sides of the aisle. It was rough going, since half a dozen couples were sprawled on the cabin floor. I stepped over Jay Bronson, who was pounding away at one of the stewardesses. I must admit, he was persuasive bastard!

I finally lay down on an unoccupied triple seat in the rear, closed my eyes with a weary sigh. I had almost drifted off when I felt a warm, pleasant sensation where it

counted. I looked down, saw a tall, handsome man kneeling in front of me, his lips roaming expertly over my belly and thighs. Since he'd gone this far and it involved no effort on my part, I settled back and enjoyed it.

Naturally, a girl can remain semi-involved only so long. A few minutes later I was sprawled on the reclining seat and he was going at me in earnest. We were both winding up when the plane hit an air-pocket, dropped with sickening suddenness. It was my first—and probably only—mid-air climax. Even crashing against the overhead luggage rack didn't blunt my pleasure . . .

"You're new in the club, aren't you?" I asked when we'd untangled our limbs after the fall. "Never saw you before."

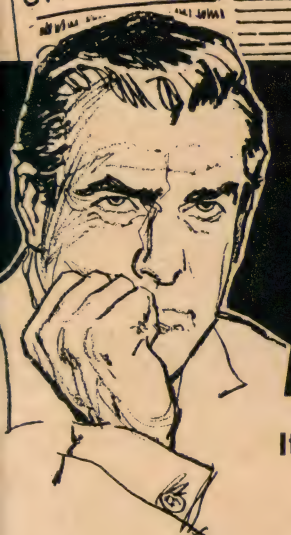
"New as hell," he said, grinning broadly. "About 10 minutes, in fact. I'm the co-pilot. And if I don't get back soon, the skipper will start wondering why I've been in the head so long . . ."

It was one of the most shocking remarks I'd ever heard. I watched him hurriedly put on his uniform, walk toward the crew compartment with a jaunty wave. The thought that my friends and I had entrusted our lives to someone so irresponsible almost made me physically ill!

When the plane landed an hour later, we had all more or less collected ourselves, although when I got home I realized that I was wearing a brassiere at least two sizes too large. I'll never forget the dazed expressions on the stewardesses' faces as we filed off. "Be sure and fly us again," said the girl who had surrendered herself to Jay Bronson . . .

That was my last excursion with the Sunswep Slopes Ski Club. Shortly afterward, I met my future husband, a young gynecologist who had just joined the staff at the clinic. I've since let my membership lapse. My fiancé, who is far from a prude, knows the facts that I've described in this article, gave me permission to write it. He's trying to raise money to set up his own practice and every penny helps.

Although I willingly gave up nude skiing, I'll never regret the time that I devoted to the sport, recommend it to every American man and woman who wants to keep fit without boring himself to death in the process. □



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YUCATAN TREASURE

(Continued from page 28)

came from?"

I knew, all right. You can't spent five years in the Central American jungles without learning a little about the country. I picked up the bar, reaching into a desk draw, and Greer quickly slipped a hand inside his jacket. He smiled and relaxed when I came up with a magnifying glass. There was a figure carved at one end of the bar, a tiny, stylized jaguar's head.

"It's post-classic Mayan, or a good imitation. From the Peten or farther north in Yucatan." I paused, weighing the bar in my hand. Everyone in Puerto Barrios knew Greer's reputation. He called himself an art dealer and specialized in smuggling artifacts out of the country for sale to private collectors, with a cut going to the officials who turned their backs at the right time. It was a good living, if you weren't too particular, but Greer had never really made the big time.

"This is stolen, of course. I'd be interested in knowing where you got it."

He laughed. It was a nasty laugh, and the mocking expression on his broad, square face made it even nastier.

"I'll bet you would. I can tell you where it came from, and where we can get a hundred more like it if you'll play along."

"Why me?"

"It'll take a full-scale expedition to reach the place, and I can't swing it. The authorities know me too well, so I couldn't hide what I was doing. You're taking a group into the Peten next week. Also, you know the country."

"Sure, I know the Peten. You could wander around in there forever if you don't know what you're looking for."

"I know." Greer grinned and leaned toward me. "I have a map."

I couldn't help laughing. "Oh, great! I thought you'd be the last man in the country to fall for a Mayan treasure map. Do you still believe in Santa Clause?"

He glared at me murderously, and for the first time I knew he could be dangerous. "You're no fool, Howard. Don't mistake me for one. The map's genuine."

"What do I have to do? And what's in it for me?"

"You'll put me and three of my people on your payroll. There'll be no question; my friends can see to that. At your base camp, we'll be less than thirty miles from the spot. We will pick it up, and you'll return to camp."

"And?" I prompted.

"Twenty per cent. Twenty per cent of a quarter million is \$50,000."

"I can count. How about that map?"

"You'll see it when the time comes. I'll give you the story our first night in the bush." He crossed his legs comfortably. "Well? If you don't go along, somebody else will. What about it?"

I took a couple of minutes, but there was really nothing to think about. Some-

body would do it, and it might as well be me. We settled on 25 per cent, and Greer stood up to offer me a hand.

"Don't worry, Howard," he said. "You'll never regret it."

That wasn't quite true. I started regretting it after my crew had gone on ahead, and Greer met us with his small group. He had brought two tough-looking *metizos* which was no surprise, but the third member of his party was a woman, young and, in spite of the rough trail clothes, obviously well assembled. I protested to Greer and got nowhere.

"Mic Hernandez is my business, Howard. You take care of your own part of our bargain."

"I assure you I will be all right on the trail, Mr. Howard," the girl put in. Her English was flawless and her voice pleasantly low. She had the dark eyes and clear skin of the pure Castilian, rare enough in a country where almost everyone has a touch of Indian blood. "I will be no bother to anyone."

I wasn't so sure of that, but Greer was right. She wasn't my problem. I said something polite and went to find Jorge Santos, my foreman. He didn't swallow my story about a special survey up the Rio San Pedro, but I told him to take charge and said I'd be back in about a week.

Greer's porters had pack animals ready, and there was a *chiclero* trail running in the right direction. By nightfall, we'd made ten miles and I was ready for some answers. Greer had them.

"The gold was sacred to the Maya," he said. We were sitting in his tent to escape the host of insects that bombarded the mesh windows. He and the girl were on opposite ends of the cot, and I had dragged up a camp stool.

"You mentioned a map."

"A diary, actually." It was the girl who answered. She had shed her bush jacket for a thin khaki shirt, which didn't make it any easier for me to concentrate. The porters had pitched a separate tent for her, so her relations with Greer evidently weren't what I had expected.

"Where do you fit into this, lady?"

Greer spoke up coldly. "Miss Hernandez is the owner of the diary." The words were innocent enough, but his eyes held a warning. No trespassing. He turned to the girl. "Show him, Lisa."

She passed me a small, leather-bound book. Inscribed in the front was a name, Miguel Hernandez. "My brother," she said. "It is all we have of him now."

"He lived with the Indians here," Greer explained. "He was an anthropology student from the University of the Americas. He found out about the gold, but he was sick. I bought the book from a *chiclero* I sometimes do business with. He claimed Miguel stumbled into his camp, dying of malaria and dysentery."

I wondered about that. The *chicleros*, chicle-gatherers, have a bad reputation in town and jungle alike. One of them would kill a man for less than that golden ingot. The diary was in a kind of shorthand, so it was easy to see why Greer had rushed out to find Miguel's family. I looked at the girl.

"I'm sorry, Miss Hernandez."

"Thank you. It is Lisa, if we are to be

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together."

"David." I dredged up a smile. "Dave, to my friends."

"How about these natives?" I let the other question ride. "You said Miguel lived with them. They might object."

Greer leaned back and gave me a self-satisfied smile. "Your trip out here was more carefully planned than you thought. According to the diary, all the men leave the Indian village during the full moon. They wouldn't tell Miguel why." He straightened. "Anyway, we can handle the Mayans. They're docile as sheep."

I let that go, too, which was a mistake. Sure, the Mayans were peaceful—until somebody crossed them. After that, look out!

My other questions stayed unanswered for the next couple of days. The trails played out, and we were reduced to hacking our way through virgin jungle. It looked as if we really might need a month to find our temple, but then the monkeys took a hand.

It was almost an accident. One of Greer's men had shot a howler monkey for his supper and was showing it off. Lisa stroked the brown fur.

"It seems a shame to kill it," she said. The porter shook his head.

"No matter. Others, many, many. Hundred." He waved a hand vaguely to the west. "They come to orange trees."

"What!" I'd been watching Lisa and daydreaming about the direction we should try next, but that woke me up. "Orange trees? Where?"

He waved again. "There. Many monkeys. Many."

I burst out laughing. Greer and Lisa must have thought I'd lost my mind. "Come on! Get these mules moving! How far to the monkeys? Hurry!"

"What is this?" Greer demanded. "What do you think you're doing?"

"The monkeys! The Mayans had citrus groves around their cities. When a city was abandoned, the groves ran wild. The monkeys come for the fruit. They probably live in the ruins. Come on!"

He followed, reluctantly. Within a quarter mile we hit an Indian trail that ran among citrus trees. We came to a clearing, and Greer stared open-mouthed with the rest of us. There it was! The great central pyramid was right ahead of us, half reclaimed by the jungle, trees and brush sprouting from its flanks and spoiling the majestic lines. A wide stone stairway rose to the yawning doorway of the temple at the summit. The place was eerie enough in the glow of sunset. I could imagine the doorway was a huge mouth, ready to close on the first one to enter.

"How beautiful!" Lisa breathed. "Those statues by the doorway, Dave, what are they?"

I shook off my imaginings and looked. "Hun Ahau, the death god." I gestured at the temple. "The priests sacrificed there. They cut the victim's heart, and his blood ran down the steps."

"Oh!" She shuddered and turned away. "Don't worry," I said. "They're all gone. There's been no one here for a thousand years."

I might not have been so sure of that if I'd had time to think, but I didn't. Mon-

keys weren't the only things living in these ruins.

"Vampiro! Vampiro!" It was one of the *mestizos*. We saw the shadows flitting in the half-light. They came in fast, big, ugly bats, flapping all around us.

Greer pulled his pistol and started to run. I grabbed him. "Not that way, you fool! Get down! On the ground!"

One of the *mestizos* hacked furiously at the brush, cutting long leafy branches. I got Greer down and forced one on him. "Swing it! Fight 'em off!"

Lisa screamed. One of the vampires dove at her face, and she threw up an arm to fend it off. I smashed at it with a branch and dropped down back-to-back with Greer, dragging Lisa with me. One of the pack mules broke and ran, braying madly with fear and pain, the bats clinging to it like leeches. The girl screamed again as the needle-sharp teeth of one of the vampires ripped down my arm. I gritted my teeth and swung the branch like a flail, feeling the soft, yielding impact on wings and furry bodies.

Another bat came at me, his fangs snapping at my face. I clubbed him down, and realized that most of the others seemed to be gone, slipping silently back into the dark jungle. Dozens lay on the ground, a few flapping clumsily in a last futile effort to reach us. I lowered the branch. Lisa was huddled against me, her head buried on my chest.

She raised her head. "Oh! Your arm!"

"Yeah." The bat had torn a long double gash in the flesh of my forearm. "Greer, will you get the first aid kit?"

"Get it yourself." He lurched away to paw in one of the packs. He dug out a bottle and took a long swig. "Filthy creatures!"

"A chance us treasure hunters take."

"They found the mule, dead," she told me with a shiver. "Your arm, it is all right?"

"Mm? Oh, yeah, I think so." That was about all the thinking I did that night, except to wonder, a little later, if the cot was wide enough for Lisa and me. It was.

The camp came to life before dawn, and by the time the sun was up, we were inside the temple. It was empty, of course, the floor littered with blocks fallen from the vaulted roof. Some kind of vine had grown up through the cracks and covered the walls like tapestry. Lisa gasped at the beauty of the place, but Greer had eyes for nothing except the stone slabs paving the floor. He knew what he was looking for, and it took him less than ten minutes to find it.

"Here." One of the *Mestizos* stepped up and swung a pick and the stone cracked across.

"A light! Give me a light!" Greer took the big battery lantern and plunged recklessly into the black maw. "Stay here," I snapped to Lisa, and followed. The stairway went deep into the bowels of the pyramid before ending in a narrow, damp stone passage. There were no bats down here, nothing alive at all. Even the air had a musty, dead smell. "It can't be far!" Greer's voice echoed weirdly in the passage.

"Along here. My God!"

The light fell on a tangle of bones in the

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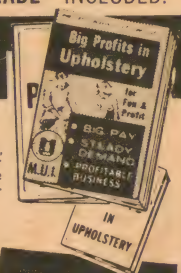
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passage. A human skull grinned vacantly up at us from a smashed rib cage. Two or three others lay around the sides of the passage, gleaming in the light. A few pieces of rusted armor were strewn among the bones.

"So we weren't the first to come look-

Greer wasn't listening. He raised the light toward the end of the passage, and there it was.

A quarter of a million dollars isn't very big. I was surprised what a small pile the golden cylinders made against the gray stone wall. Greer tore the bones aside with a shout and ran forward. "Gold! We've found it Howard! We've found it!"

I kept quiet until we were back in the temple again. Lisa waited impatiently on the top step, peering down into the darkness. Greer handed her one of the golden bars. "The gold's there, along with enough other relics to stock a museum. We just load it up and take it to the coast."

Lisa had been staring in fascination at the precious cylinder. She glanced up, surprised. "The coast? But you said—"

"A change in plans," Greer cut in smoothly. "There's no reason to keep it from you. Instead of the museum, the gold is going to a few of my friends." He smiled and said to Lisa: "We'll need to keep you from telling anyone for awhile, so you will come with me."

"No! David, what does he mean?"

"No dice, Greer. The girl goes back with me."

"Ah, yes," He turned the smile on me. "There's only one problem. After the gold is loaded, I can see no further need for you."

I had set my gun down along with my pack outside the temple. It was dumb. Now I had to act fast. Greer would do anything for money including shoot me and Lisa. I fell to the temple floor and grabbed a set of old bones by an ankle, and bolooed it around in a wide arc at Greer's gun hand.

But one of the *mestizos* came up fast behind and hit me and I fell flat. Greer kicked the hapless skeleton to the side.

"Just one of the chances treasures hunters take," he said. He grinned as his men hauled me to my feet. "Don't worry about the girl. They'll take good care of her when I'm finished. Grab her!"

Lisa made a run for the doorway. One of the porters caught her at the top of the stairs and dragged her back. "Very foolish. Where would you have gone?" Greer looked at me again. "Now, Howard, if you'd like to prolong your own life, you can help bring up the gold. And remember, I have her up here."

Bringing the treasure up into the temple was a long process, and I didn't try to hurry it. I spent the time rejecting a dozen escape plans and damning myself for ever getting involved. On each trip to the top, I had to see Greer's grin of triumph, and Lisa, tightly bound in a corner, and that didn't help. Greer was enjoying himself and let me string it out, but the job was finally finished. The *mestizos* shouldered the boxes and started down the stairway of the great pyramid, and Greer shoved Lisa and me along behind them.

"I think we can bid you goodbye at the

bottom, Howard," he said, but I wasn't listening.

There was something on the steps that hadn't been there before. It was a small pottery vessel, the kind the Maya used, and still use, as incense burners. None of the others had noticed it, but I did, and I suddenly thought I knew why the Mayan men of the area left their villages once a year.

My proof came in a hurry. One of the *mestizos* screamed in sudden agony. His load crashed down on the steps and he fell beside it, clutching the four-foot shaft of the arrow that had hit him in the chest. His partner took one look and ran for the foot of the steps, his box of loot shattering on the stones. He was hit a half dozen times before he reached the bottom.

Greer raised his gun to fire at one of the shadows that materialized from the jungle. I took a chance and slammed back into him, and we went down together on the steps. We grappled, tumbling over and over on the steep stairway, both trying to get the gun. Then I felt something hard dig into my ribs and I froze. We looked up into the painted faces of a circle of Mayan warriors. The leader gave me another poke with his spear. I got up slowly. A couple of men grabbed my arms and three more seized Greer, taking away the gun. The leader dropped his spear and drew a long knife, turning toward Lisa. She shrank away, but he caught her by the shoulder and swung her around, knife poised. He slashed through the ropes on her wrists.

"Go!" The men released my arms and Lisa stumbled against me. The leader pointed back the way we had come in. "Go!"

We went down the stairway between the ranks of warriors, Lisa holding tightly to my arm. Greer's panic-stricken screams followed us.

"Howard! You can't leave me here! Help me! Howard!"

We were well into the jungle before I let Lisa sink to the ground. She was sobbing hysterically, and I felt like it myself. "How?" she moaned. "How?"

"The place is sacred to the Mayans. Greer knew that. What he didn't know, what your brother didn't know, was where the men went each month. Simple. They came here to sacrifice to the old gods."

She put her hand to her mouth. "Oh! And if we hadn't been prisoners..."

"Right. Listen, will you stay here if I leave you for a minute?" She nodded.

It didn't take long. I was back in half an hour, alone. "Let's go."

Maybe the Mayans intended us to die in the jungle. We didn't miss it much, and I still remember the happiest moment of my life as coming out of a feverish sleep to see the homely face of Jorge Santos. He had come looking when we didn't return in a week, and we were both pretty far gone when he found us and brought us in. The treasure is still out there, I guess, and anyone who wants it can try for it. Not me. I have the first bar Greer gave me and I have Lisa, and that's enough. I lost my taste for treasure hunts that day I sneaked back after Greer, and saw the narrow rivulet of blood oozing sluggishly down the steps of the pyramid.

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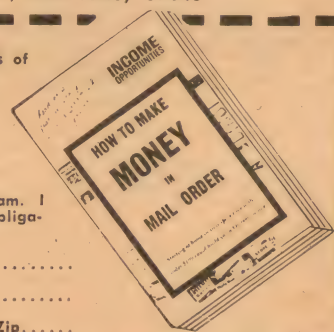
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LOST DOG

(Continued from page 35)

identify him. But day after day passed with no sign of the missing pet.

Finally, a day before the family was to leave for Seattle, Riordan said to his wife, "I'm afraid we're just going to have to face it, Marianne, we're never going to find King now."

"I don't know what else we can do to find him," Riordan said wearily. "He may be dead by now for all we know. But if he hasn't been found before we leave, I'll try to think of something to tell the kids to cheer them up."

The next day when the Riordans had packed their bags in the car for the long drive across country, King still hadn't returned. Again that day the two children, Jackie and Molly, had searched the neighborhood since early morning hoping they'd still find their pet at the last moment. When they were all in the car ready to drive off, their next-door neighbors, Steve and Jean Finch, were there to say good-bye. The two families had become friends during the six months the Riordans had lived in Ohio and the last words Steve Finch yelled to them as they drove off were: "Don't worry about King. He'll show up one of these days and when he does we'll write you."

Riordan had already told Jackie and Molly that the Finches were going to keep looking for the dog and that chances were he'd be found yet. The children had been somewhat cheered by the news but they were both close to tears when they drove away from the house outside Cleveland for the last time.

King was on the minds of all the Riordans during the long drive back to Seattle and once Riordan stopped and made a long-distance call to the Finches. But they told him there was no news about the missing dog. A couple of days later the family arrived back in Seattle, and while it was good to be in their old home again—they had sub-let their house while they were in Ohio—they still missed King.

It was another five days after that before they got a phone call from the Finches. King had come back that morning to the now-deserted house outside Cleveland.

Steve Finch was the first one to spot the dog, before he left for work that day. Finch had come out of his house that morning and seen King around the deserted house next door. The dog looked puzzled and barked several times as he circled the empty house. Finch whistled to him and called his name a couple of times and King came over reluctantly. When Finch examined him, he saw that the dog had a rope tied around his neck and the end chewed through. From this evidence, Finch guessed that King had been stolen and kept tied up. But the dog seemed fit and quickly lapped up the water and gulped down the food Finch set in front of him.

Finch, on the phone to the Riordans, reported that King wouldn't stay at the Finch house but kept returning to the empty house where the Riordans had lived and lay in the back yard or on the front porch as if expecting the family to return. However, he would come over to the Finches when Steve Finch or his wife called him to feed him and give him water.

As soon as John Riordan got the phone call from Ohio, the family immediately began to make plans to recover the dog. It was decided that Marianne would fly back to Cleveland the next day and bring King back with her. But before Marianne Riordan could leave the following morning, there was a second call from Finch. King had disappeared again. The Finches, afraid something like this might happen, had tried to keep the dog at their house that night but sometime during the night King had gone out a partially-open window and vanished. When he heard the news, John Riordan didn't say anything to his family but he was certain that this time King was lost for good. He didn't think King would ever return to the house in Ohio again and he never even suspected what would happen in the next months.

On that same morning, although Riordan couldn't know and probably wouldn't have believed it if he had been told, King was heading west-northwest out of Ohio. The dog was responding to some deep urge inside him, which he had never felt before and which was instinctively setting his path. He was still bewildered by his return home and the absence of the man, woman, and two children he had always been with. Seeking them, he had been driven by a force he didn't understand to start trotting in the same direction as the sun moved across the sky.

For the next several days and nights, he moved almost without rest, passing from the place where there were many people out to where there were only fields and farms and a few roads. He recognized the cars that whizzed by on the roads because he had often traveled in a car, and perhaps because of this, he followed the roads for a long time when he first set out on his long journey. In those days and nights he was often hungry and thirsty and he ate and drank whatever he could find; scraps of food along the side of the road, water from a ditch or some stream.

It was near evening, many days after he had left the house outside Cleveland, when, almost exhausted, he saw the huge truck coming toward him as he trotted alongside the highway. He recognized danger as the truck bore down on him and tried to leap aside but the dazzling headlights temporarily blinded him. The next instant he felt a ripping pain along his side and he was tossed into the air. He rolled over on his side, momentarily stunned by the impact. King's journey might have come to an end then and there if it had not been for the efforts of the driver of the truck which had sideswiped him.

The truck driver, Joe Shane, hauling produce from Indiana to Illinois, had spotted the dog in the headlights just a second or two before the truck would have hit it. Shane had swerved the truck to the side in time to avoid running the dog down but

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he knew he had hit it a glancing blow. He immediately stopped the truck, jumped out, and went back to where the dog was lying. Shane had a dog of his own at home. He could see that this dog, although hurt and bleeding, was still alive. Shane gathered the dog up in his arms, put him in the cab of the truck, and drove quickly to the nearest gas station where he was directed to a veterinarian a few miles away.

The veterinarian, R. L. Tinker, of De Kalb County, Indiana, examined King carefully and sewed up the ragged, bleeding hole in his side.

"He'll be all right now," Tinker told Shane, "but he'd sure have bled to death if you hadn't stopped to bring him in."

The veterinarian had already spotted the license tags on King's collar and he said he'd keep the dog and notify the owners in Ohio. That seemed to satisfy Shane but he still insisted on paying the

vet before he left. "You see that he gets back to his owners all right?" Shane asked. "I know how I'd feel if it was my dog missing."

"I'll see to it," Tinker said.

The veterinarian placed King in a kennel out in back of his house, wrote a letter to the Riordans at the address on King's collar, in Ohio, and kept a careful eye on the injured dog for the next few days. When a week had passed and Tinker still hadn't heard from the dog's owners, he couldn't understand it and he wrote another letter. King's injuries had healed by then and he was frisky and eating well again. A couple of days later, the veterinarian received a phone call from the Riordans in Seattle. They had just gotten his letter which had been forwarded to them from Ohio and they wanted to come get King.

Once again, however, it was already too late; King had managed to tunnel out under the kennel fence and had disappeared. Tinker told them. "That must be some determined dog," the vet said. "He's the first animal I ever had in here with the sense to figure out how to do that. I know it sounds crazy but I think he's trying to find you."

John Riordan told Tinker he'd send him a check for having taken care of King and, sadly, thanked him for trying to return King even if he had been unsuccessful. The Riordans knew now, for the first time, that it looked like King was trying to get to them but of course it was such an impossible journey for a dog to make that all they could hope and wish for was that somebody, somewhere, would see his tags, take him in, write to the Riordans, and hold him until they could get him.

King, after leaving the veterinarian in De Kalb County, Indiana, continued his

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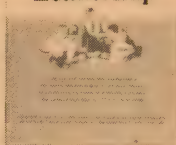
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unerring west-northwest trek. The Riordans had proof of this in the weeks that followed because they received letters from families in Springfield and Galesburg, Illinois who had taken the dog in, fed him, and noticed his license tags. But, in both cases, King had not remained long and was on the move again before the letters to the Riordans were written and mailed.

The miles he had traveled in the weeks since he set out from the house in Ohio had left their mark on him. His once almost-white hide was dirty and matted and the scar from where the truck had injured him still showed through the hairs that had begun to grow back sparsely. He was thin, too, since he was hungry almost every day now although he was usually able to find enough water along the way. But the gruelling journey had also begun to toughen him up. The instinct for survival was strong in him, he had learned to be cautious, and he seldom stayed long in one spot, even to rest.

Still hungry, still in Iowa on a day in late summer, he spotted a lone farm house in the distance and began to approach it warily, seeking food. He was still well out on the plains, circling cautiously to get in closer to the farm when he heard a series of low angry snarls all around him and suddenly six huge dogs rose up from the grass where they had been crouching and surrounded him. They were a pack of wild dogs, once domesticated animals that had been abandoned or strayed away and that had turned wild and savage.

At the first sight of the dog pack, King didn't recognize the danger. But when one of the snarling dogs, fangs bared, saliva drooling from its muzzle, struck at him, King, all senses alert, leaped to one side and fastened his own teeth into the other dog's neck. The attacking dog, writhed back and forth, trying to break King's hold but the Labrador held on until he drew blood. When he released the wounded dog it slunk away whimpering. King had no time to recover though because two of the other dogs charged at him from either side and King went down, teeth flashing and feet kicking.

King fought well for a dog never before engaged in a life-death struggle with his own species. He bit through the muzzle of one of the wild dogs and it dragged itself away and died a few feet from where the fight had taken place. King was also fending off the second dog from any fatal bites or slashes. But he wouldn't have been able to withstand the attack of the combined strength of the three remaining dogs. He would probably have died there on the spot if the farmer from the house in the distance hadn't appeared with a shotgun and opened fire on all the dogs.

The farmer was Frank Truscatt. His farm was not far from Jefferson, Iowa. Truscatt had witnessed the whole dog fight. At that time he didn't know that King was any different from the other dogs. Truscatt had opened fire with the shotgun because he knew a pack of wild dogs had been in the vicinity for several weeks. His shots killed two more of the dogs and drove the others off.

Later, Truscatt admitted he had come close to shooting King, too, and the only

thing that stopped him was that King hadn't run as the other dogs did and that he was still wearing a collar. Since Truscatt had seen how the other dogs had attacked King, he thought it was possible the Labrador retriever belonged to one of the surrounding farms and he hesitated to shoot.

The farmer didn't try to run King off when the dog followed him back to the house. Truscatt fed King and watered him and let him rest in the yard for a couple of days before he examined the tags on his collar. When Truscatt finally looked at King's tags and saw that the address on his collar was Ohio, he thought the dog had jumped from a passing car and was lost. It never occurred to him that King had come all that way on foot.

King stayed around the farm for almost a week and Truscatt thought he would be there permanently, but, as in the past, one morning King was gone again. It wasn't until some months later that Frank Truscatt, who had made a note of the address on King's tags, wrote a postcard to the Riordans.

During the next several weeks, King continued on west-northwestward and the weather began to change with the coming of autumn as he moved from Iowa into Nebraska. The days were shorter and the nights colder and for much of the time King lived off game, rabbits, and fowl, which he learned to catch and kill for himself. Sometimes, too, he still stole food from a farm he ran across.

It was the urge to move on almost fixed course that finally led him one day in the fall to the banks of a wide, swift-flowing river, the Elkhorn River, in northwest Nebraska. He was then far away from any highways and bridges and at first when he ran along the wooded banks of the river, he was frightened and trembling at the spectacle of the rushing waters which stood in his path.

For the next several days, the dog trotted up and down the near bank of the river, reluctant to enter the water, and anxious to find a solid way across. But for the miles he searched up and down the shore, he could find no bridge. Finally, early one morning, whimpering with fear, he waded out into the river, claws clutching at the muddy bottom until he reached a point where it was too late to turn back and the river swept him out from the shore.

The river's erratic current, more powerful than any force he had ever before encountered, tossed him about like a lifeless log. He struggled to keep his head up and his paws paddling but for most of the long, endless time he was in the river, his head was submerged under water. It was only by sheer will of spirit that he managed to thrust his head above water often enough to keep from drowning. When eventually, the river threw him roughly up onto the far shore.

It was almost a week before he was able to regain his strength enough to continue on and during that time he almost starved to death. He killed and ate a couple of river rats and nibbled on roots and tubers he found growing along the shore. When



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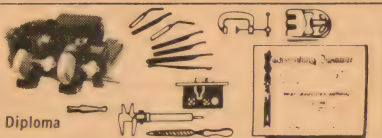
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he moved on again, he went slowly, resting often, giving himself time to get his strength back. Now, although even more wary than before, he frequently spent long periods resting and sleeping when the sun was warm, as he crossed from Nebraska into Wyoming.

He was near the Wild River Range in Wyoming, still half-starved, when he came across a cabin which had been occupied by hunters only a few days before and, for the first time in weeks, once again had enough to eat. The hunters, before leaving the cabin, had buried their refuse outside the building. King's sense of smell was so acute by that time that he was easily able to scent the discarded food and he dug it up quickly. There was still enough left which hadn't spoiled for him to have a feast.

For the next several days he stayed close around the cabin, eating his fill, resting, and drinking from a clear stream nearby. He no longer had that constant, gnawing hunger inside him although his body was still thin. But the nourishment and rest were enough to give him back most of his strength so that he was ready to move on again when the food ran out.

Early, light snow began to fall while he was still crossing Wyoming's Wild River Range and he began to seek shelter in hollows and caves along the way. It was because of this that, not long after he had left the cabin behind, he came across a creature like he had never seen before. It was an enormous grizzly bear which sprang at him from one of the caves as he was passing. The bear, down on all fours,

swiped at King with a huge hairy paw and sent him tumbling across the ground.

King, dazed by the attack, was still on his side when the bear sprang at him again, this time clutching him between its front paws and rearing up on his hind legs so King was held, dangling, high in the air. The dog, squirming in the vise-like grip of the grizzly, twisted his head around and slashed at the bear's face with his teeth, ripping away fur and flesh, and managed to wiggle free. As King tried to escape across the ground, the bear pounced once more and again swung its hairy paw, this time catching the dog in the left eye and tearing it out.

King, insane with pain from his missing eye, turned on the grizzly with a savage, unstoppable fury. Muzzle flecked with foam, hairs bristling on his back, the dog darted in and out, stripping flesh from the bear's face, throat, and chest with his snapping teeth. King's rage was so terrible that the bear, bleeding and howling, scampered backwards in retreat far enough away for King to bound off, into the deep brush where the grizzly, because of its size, couldn't follow, although it tried.

The dog lay for a long time in the brush, heart pounding in his chest, until he heard the grizzly disappearing into the distance. Lurching to his feet, King went on again, turning his head from side to side so he could be guided by his one good eye.

For the next couple of weeks King, although considerably slowed by his battle

with the grizzly, kept moving by day and by night, on out of Wyoming into Idaho. When he reached the center of that state, on a bleak fall morning, he forgot the lesson he had learned earlier and ventured too close to one of the small villages. Here, on a back road, a car suddenly roared up beside him and quickly entangled him in a mesh net. He had been caught by police and he was quickly deposited in the local dog pound, a place full of snarling, howling strays.

King wasn't released from the mesh net until he was inside a barred cage in the pound. As he came out of the net, one of the attendants at the pound stood over him with a billy club, watching him suspiciously. Ragged and chewed and with only one eye as he was, King resembled some savage wild creature. King caught the scent of the man's fear and growled deep in his throat. When he did, the man struck at him with the club. King leaped to one side, dodged the blow, and sprang forward. He hit the man in the chest with both front paws, knocked him down, and King streaked away, leaping a kennel fence and disappearing down the road.

In making his escape, King's collar, now worn through, fell from his neck. The attendants at the pound later mailed the tags back to the Riordans but the tags didn't reach Seattle until some months later.

Late fall snows were falling heavily in Oregon by the time King, still plodding onward, reached that state. Game was scarce in the rugged wilderness through which he traveled and he often went for



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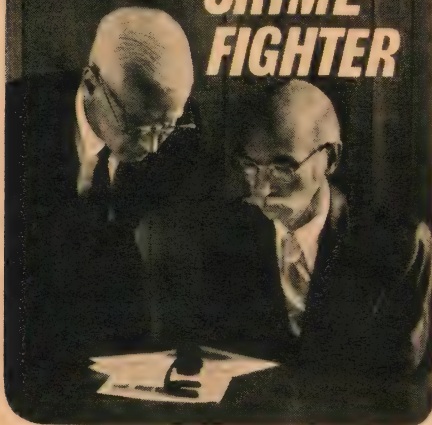


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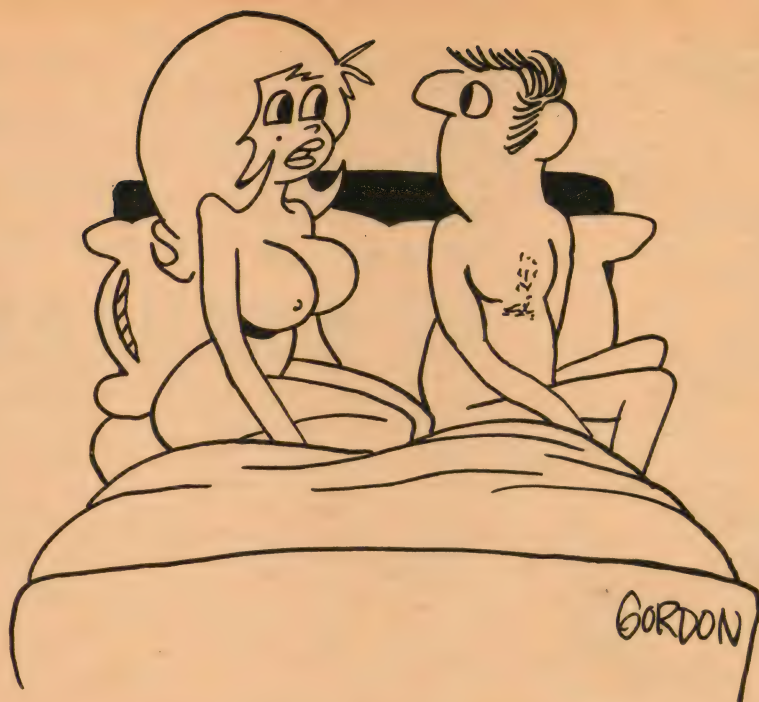
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"But it's after 2 a.m.—You sure your wife expects you home at this ungodly hour?"

days at a time without eating. Mostly he fed off an occasional snow hare which he managed to catch and kill but it was enough to keep him alive. He had just made such a kill and was standing over the hare's dead body ready to eat it when he heard a snarl from behind him and swung around to see a great gray timber wolf crouched to spring upon him.

King's head shot up, he snarled back at the wolf, and he stood his ground, his body straddling the dead hare. The wolf circled nervously twice around King, still at a distance, before rushing in, fangs snapping. Dog and wolf went rolling across the snow, both biting and clawing, and dirtying the blanket of snow with their spilled blood.

Twice the wolf had its teeth sunken deep into King's neck but both times the dog managed to shake himself loose and roll away. The second time King rolled free, he lay still on the snow, playing dead. When the wolf, thinking the dog was dead, or fatally wounded, leaped too quickly and eagerly to finish him off, King caught the gray wolf by the throat and tore him open from jaw to chest bone. The wolf died quickly and King left it on the snow, returned to the dead snow-hare, ate it, and trotted off, heading west-north-west.

Early in the morning, on the last day of December, John Riordan was upstairs in the bedroom in the house in Seattle, when he heard his wife calling to him from downstairs. When he hurried down, she was standing at a window in the livingroom, looking out.

"There's a strange animal prowling around the front lawn," she said pointing out the window.

Riordan saw the dog then, a dirty, ragged one-eyed animal, sniffing nervously around the outside of the house. Even though he didn't really recognized the

dog, he said aloud, "King? Could it be King?"

The two Riordan children, Jackie and Molly, had come into the room and when they heard their father say, "King," they both started for the door. Riordan quickly called them back and told them to stay inside until he had had a chance to take a closer look at the dog.

Riordan went outside then and as soon as he stepped out of the door, the dog drew back, snarling at him. "King? King, boy," Riordan called slowly, taking a step forward. The dog snarled again and retreated a few feet back. Riordan stood where he was and called to his wife and told her to hand him a bowl of dog food and a dish of water. When she had, he set the dish and the bowl down, backed up a few steps, and stood watching as the dog ate and drank.

The dog was King, all right, Riordan knew, looking at him closely but, God, he had been through a lot to judge by his appearance. When King finished eating, Riordan made no move and waited until the dog came over and brushed up against the side of his leg, and old habit King had always had. But the dog still shied away when Riordan tried to pet it.

King had always liked to ride in the car, which suited Riordan's plans now. He backed the car out of the garage, opened the rear door, and let King hop in as he had always done. Riordan then drove the dog to the veterinarian who had treated him since he was a pup.

Riordan took King back home with him but has kept him away from the children except when he's on a leash. "He's still got a lot of untamed wildness in him," Riordan says, "but he's earned the right to stay here at this house after all he's been through. We may have to send him to a training school before he becomes a family pet again. But whatever it takes, we'll do it until King becomes his own self again."

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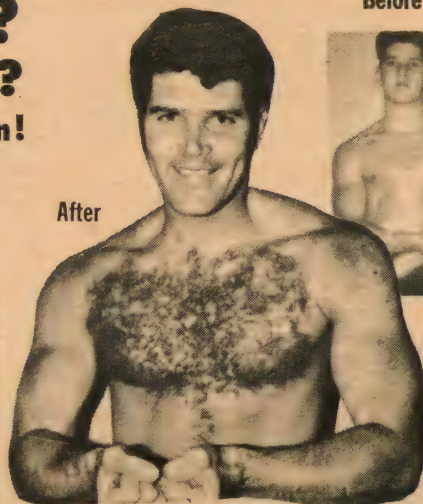
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FOUNDATIONS

(Continued from page 24)

aged business tycoon asked.

"In the parlor waiting for you, sir," the man responded.

A moment later Matson was inside the thickly-carpeted parlor, whose picture windows afforded those inside a magnificent view of the lake. Sitting on a couch, martini in hand, was a tall woman named Elaine Parker, again a name we picked in order to hide the real one. If anyone had bothered to check the list of employees who worked for the Matson Foundation, they would have found Miss Parker listed as "caretaker" of the Matson mansion—at an annual salary of \$36,000.

As soon as she saw him, Elaine Parker quickly rose and came towards her employer. Although she was in her early thirties, she had the slim, firm figure of a much younger woman. Her honey blonde hair was shoulder length, and she was dressed in a thin, sleeveless blouse buttoned loosely half way up the front, and a short skirt that revealed two shapely, sun-bronzed thighs and legs. It was obvious from the way her breasts bounced jauntily under the blouse that she was wearing no bra.

"How is my little caretaker today?" Matson asked as the woman drew near and placed her arms warmly and enticing-

ly around his neck.

"Working hard as usual, darling," she cooed, and they both laughed at the familiar little joke.

They pressed close together. Matson felt her full breasts jab into him like two spongy fists. He worked his own hands down her arched back until they came to rest on her protruding buttocks. He gave them a playful squeeze as they kissed passionately, the scent of her perfume making him feverish.

"Why Elaine you're not wearing anything under your skirt," Matson said in a tone of mock surprise.

Elaine smiled broadly. "It's silly to put something on when you know you're only going to take it off in a little while."

Five minutes later, they were lying together in a mammoth-sized oval bed. Matson drew her closer, gripping her tightly, while running his hand gently between her thighs. Even as their passion swelled and the embrace grew fiercer, the middle-aged businessman couldn't help thinking how lucky he was to be able to finance this little dalliance through his own tax-exempt foundation. . . .

Mr. Matson was indeed a fortunate man. Not only was he using his foundation's money to support Elaine Parker, but he had a second woman "employee" nicely set up in a duplex apartment not far from his office. During the course of an average week, he would divide his attention between the two—sometimes seeing one during the afternoon, and the other at

night. But all good things come to an end. In this case, the U.S. Treasury's Internal Revenue Service finally caught up with Mr. Matson. An investigation revealed that his two mistresses had been supported at a cost of over \$100,000 in foundation money. One of the women had run up a \$30,000 clothing bill in less than a year.

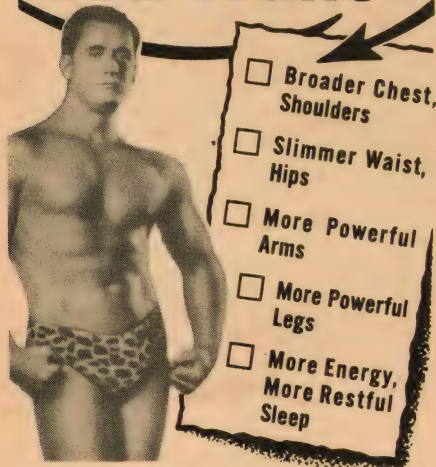
Matson got a severe spanking from the IRS, but his wrongdoing is child's play compared to the fraudulent activities of other foundations. The simple fact is that there are privately controlled and largely tax-exempt foundations using their privileged status to engage in unscrupulous economic dealings, political power plays, and disruptive social experiments.

Foundations continue to grow numerically and economically at a staggering rate. And with economic power comes political influence, to the point where some observers are beginning to wonder out loud how many of these supposedly benevolent organizations may not be more of a threat than a benefit to society.

Although foundations are supposed to be in the business of giving money away, —and many of them do—a recent report by the House Subcommittee on Foundations of the U.S. Congress pointed the finger at some foundations for allowing their financial assets "to roll up like an avalanche, and make no effort to distribute it faster than it grows."

Congressman Wright Patman, the chairman of the House Subcommittee on Foundations, had this to say: "Put most bluntly, philanthropy—one of mankind's more noble instincts—has been perverted

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into a vehicle for institutionalized, deliberate evasion of fiscal and moral responsibility to the nation."

Some people in government put the blame on the Congress for providing tax immunities to the foundations—and then letting them do virtually what they please with this untaxed money. According to Congressman Patman, "The foundations fiddle while the small businessman, the farmer, the individual citizen pay the tax bills—and burn."

Patman is quite indignant about this. "If the rich care to fritter away their dollars in senseless frivolity," he says, "that is certainly their privilege—but Congress has no obligation to give them tax-free dollars at the expense of the rest of the country."

But frivolity is only a small part of the picture. Foundation influence extends to all sectors of the business world, as well as education, city planning, domestic politics, even foreign affairs. To understand just how powerful a force foundations are, one first has to look at the financial standing of these organizations. The most recent edition of the *Foundation Directory* (1971), lists a total of 26,000 foundations in the United States. About 5,000 of these have assets of at least \$500,000. But that's only a minimum.

Top foundations, like the Carnegie Corporation, Ford, and the Rockefeller, Lilly, Andrew Mellon, and Alfred P. Sloan foundations have millions and even billions of dollars in their vaults. For example, the Rockefeller Foundation has total assets of nearly one billion dollars, while the Ford Foundation—which ranks number one by a long shot—has a whopping \$4.1 billion. Altogether, the top 5,000 foundations have combined assets of \$25 billion—and it is estimated that double that amount is in the hands of all the known foundations.

How did charitable organizations created to give away money get that rich? The answer is simple. Some follow the old adage that charity begins at home, and others because they earn more than they can or do give away. A Congressional investigating committee, which made a careful study of the major foundations, disclosed that they actually gave away less than half of the money they took in during a given year.

Take the Ford Foundation, as one illustration. Ford has an average annual income of over \$350,000,000 a year—roughly one million a day. Its total outlay in charitable grants and expenses and it is an unquestioned leader—hits. \$200,000,000. One doesn't have to be a math whiz to figure out that some \$150,000,000 is left for business investments, stock purchases, and other permitted financial dealings further strengthening the great Ford Foundation.

All of this is possible because of current tax laws. As charitable organizations, foundations are virtually tax-exempt. (As a result of a 1969 tax law they pay a mere 4 percent on earnings from investments.) This made it possible for the Fords, Rockefellers, and other financial barons to create them in the first place. By putting money into foundations, a tremendous estate and inheritance tax saving could be effected and, in some instances, family

control over the bulk of fortunes could be maintained.

Today, there are wealthy individuals who continue to use the foundation ploy as a convenient tax shelter. A government official testifying before the House Ways and Means Committee put it this way: "Substantial portions of the great fortunes of men who profited by the enormous expansion of American business continue to find their way into tax-exempt foundations. These foundations have passed and will continue to pass—by right of inheritance—to the control of heirs or their trustees. This enables a few individuals to control ever-increasing tax-exempt wealth."

And there, in a nutshell, is the main point. The rich get richer by putting their money into foundations, while the rest of us foot the tax bills—and get poorer. Because foundations and other tax-exempt institutions do not pay their fair share of taxes, you Mr. Average American Taxpayer must shoulder an additional financial burden.

Middle income Americans—those making up to \$25,000—now pay the major portion of Federal and state income taxes, as well as sales and excise taxes. Most corporation taxes are also passed along to middle Americans in the form of increased prices. According to one economic expert, a substantial portion of all personal income taxes could be eliminated if the wealthy foundations and other presently tax-exempt organizations were assessed in the same proportion as the rest of us.

Full taxation of the super-rich and tax-exempt institutions, it is estimated, would bring in over \$40 billion to the U.S. Treasury each year. Such tax policies would greatly lessen the fiscal burden of middle class people, who in the words of one observer "are now being crushed into frustration and sometimes despair by the inequitable tax burdens now piled upon them."

But the foundations have latched on to much too good a thing to voluntarily give up their privileged status. In fact, their lobbyists have fought tooth and nail to prevent the Congress from passing any tax reform bills that would harmfully affect the foundations.

Meanwhile, foundations go their merry way racking up profits through their business holdings and investments. Actually, many foundations operate as tax-free corporations. Since they are "charitable groups," they are not required to pay taxes on capital gains—if the money is promptly reinvested. And so the foundations "promptly" reinvest it, while waiting to use it for charitable purposes. One group of foundations accumulated \$1.4 billion in capital gains in a four year period, mainly from stock purchases and speculation.

End result: foundations hold strong interests in more than 100 of the country's leading businesses—including A&P, Ralston, Purina, Sun Oil, and Kresge. Little wonder that Senator Albert Gore found it necessary to issue a warning against the foundations' dangerous "concentration of wealth and control over the economy."

The tax-exempt status of foundations also enables them to compete unfairly

with ordinary businesses subject to corporate tax laws. Foundation-supported businesses can reduce prices and undersell their competitors; they can outbid other firms in various financial dealings, such as the purchase of real estate and stock. All of this is possible because of the tax subsidies kindly provided by the Federal Government.

A recent report by the U.S. Treasury sharply criticized foundations for their business involvement. "Serious difficulties result from foundation commitment to business endeavors," the report stated. "Regular business enterprises may suffer serious competitive disadvantages. Moreover, opportunities and temptations for subtle and varied forms of self-dealing—difficult to detect and impossible completely to proscribe—proliferate. . . . In all of these situations, there is substantial likelihood that private interests will be preferred at the expense of charity."

Of course, many foundations have performed many noble services through their charitable efforts. They have enriched the nation. They have supported scientific research, the arts, and many important educational and social programs. Many a student has been able to go to college because of foundation grants and scholarship programs at major universities. Space exploration has been helped by private foundations, and several dread diseases have been brought under control as a result of foundation money.

But the point to be made is that while some foundations have done much for many there are some who have done more for themselves by their wheeling and dealing. There have been times when some of these self-serving activities have been outright frauds, as in the case of Mr. Matson's foundation-supported harem. Diligent probing by a *For Men Only* reporter has uncovered other instances of questionable conduct.

Take the case of one foundation which committed a host of grey acts under the cloak of charitable immunity. Among other things, the foundation provided credit to friends and associates so they could play the stock market. It served as a bank by loaning money at exorbitant interest rates to needy businessmen; and it engaged in the purchase of leaseback of property. Furthermore, it received "contributions" that have been tied to grey area business dealings. In this particular case, the Treasury Department smacked the foundation with a hefty \$6.2 million assessment in back taxes, while being forced to distribute all of its net assets to bona fide charities.

Then there was the doctor who established his own medical foundation, and had himself immediately appointed as its "medical administrator." Only his salary was taxable. A car, house, and a host of fringe benefits provided by the foundation were tax-exempt. Not only that, but the foundation was thoughtful enough to provide scholarship money for his children's college education.

Still another foundation has long been used as a front for recruiting football players for one of the state's major colleges. This foundation ostensibly exists to provide financial aid to "needy students."

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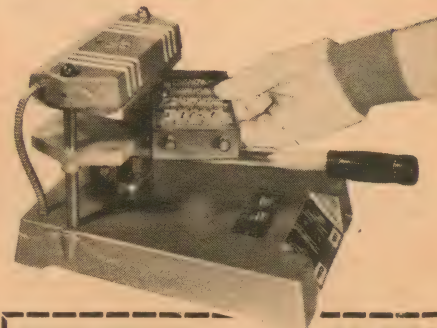
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In addition to such flagrant misuse of foundation money, there is also a wholesale squandering of millions of dollars on inflated expenses and absurd research projects. A number of foundations spend tremendous sums on public relations. Executive salaries can run close to six figures in some of the larger organizations.

Then there is the matter of the actual distribution of foundation grants. Sometimes the money is literally thrown away. Washington Post columnist Aline Mosby, who was the recipient of a \$4,500 grant to study Chinese at Columbia University, frankly admitted the money was wasted. She learned virtually no Chinese during her course of study, although, as she humorously remarked, "I'm a smash at reading Chinese laundry tickets and ordering in Chinese restaurants."

Commenting on foundation wastefulness, one newspaper editorial sarcastically noted: "For lack of needier causes, foundations are obliged to keep giving grants to Harvard, one of the richest universities in the world, to set up artists' colonies which turn into hack factories for best-selling but freeloading authors, or to subsidize clinical surveys of sexual responses in Midwestern couples. . . ."

Humor aside, the sad fact is that while foundations toss money into the wind, the nation staggers under a load of urgent social problems. The stark contrast between what foundations spend their money on and the worsening conditions that continue unchecked was amply illustrated by Congressman Wright Patman, who made this statement during a Congressional investigation into the foundations:

"While our cities decay and while those of us not fortunate enough to merit the tax-exempt status of the foundations pay [taxes] to keep the nation more or less solvent." One foundation "spends tax-free dollars on such esoteric research subjects as: 'The works of Hugo Von Hofmannsthal,' [and] 'The origin and significance of decorative types of medieval tombstones in Bosnia and Herzegovina.'"

"While the Congress and the Administration searched feverishly for funds to finance essential urban rebuilding programs, another foundation sent \$50,000 to Ireland for the 'preservation of historical buildings.'"

"While thousands of Puerto Rican youngsters drop out of New York schools because they can't master English, the Agricultural Development Councils, Inc.—one of the 13 Rockefeller-controlled foundations in our study—sends \$311,280 to Japan to 'improve English language teaching in Japanese schools.' The list is seemingly endless—one could call the examples ironic, but I think 'tragic.'"

Even when foundations do enter the area of social reform, they can without meaning to do so stir up more problems than they solve. A Ford Foundation-sponsored experiment in school decentralization resulted in a series of teacher strikes that left the New York City Public School

system in a state of utter chaos. Money that was supposed to have been used to finance the pilot project was siphoned into the hands of militant groups, which used it for political lobbying and for the publication of anti-semitic propaganda.

Foundation influence in general education has been considerable for some years. A leading educator is on record as saying that one major U.S. foundation "holds a veto power over the appointment of the presidents of at least half the private colleges and universities in the United States." The American Association of School Administrators is so concerned about excessive foundation influence in education that it cautioned its members not to allow basic educational policies to be reshaped because of foundation economic pressure.

Political meddling by foundations is also a serious cause for alarm. According to the Internal Revenue Service Code, foundations are prohibited from "carrying on propaganda, or otherwise attempting to influence legislation." But the law has not been effective. One mayoralty election in the midwest was partly decided some claim by a \$175,000 grant from a leading foundation to the local chapter of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE). The money was said to have been used to help finance a voter registration drive in the black community that put Carl Stokes over a favored son, the drive.

There is a report locked away in the files of the House Ways and Means Committee that is said to contain a complete list of political figures who have received grants from the major foundations. Reliable sources claim the list includes more than 40 Congressmen and a score of governors and mayors. Some of the grants to these politicians were in the form of travel-study awards that were really a cover for overseas junkets with plenty of high-living.

This reporter spoke with one individual who received such a travel-study grant as a reward for service as an aide to a former presidential candidate. For obvious reasons he did not want his name disclosed, so we will call him Paul Edwards for purposes of this article. Because the political figure he worked for had close connections with one of the foremost foundations, Paul received a \$19,000 travel study grant.

"It was really nothing more than legalized payola," Paul admitted during the interview. "They told me to come up with some nice sounding research project—something current and relevant. So I submitted a plan that called for me to travel to various countries of the world in order to investigate their community development and social programs."

"That's all it took. The foundation gave me a generous stipend to cover six months of globetrotting. My itinerary called for me to visit Mallorca, Madrid, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Rangoon, Bombay, Honolulu, Tokyo, and about 20 other major cities around the world. At each place I did a little research into my field of study—enough to be able to write a short report—and then spend the rest of my time playing the tourist."

"Frankly speaking, it was a big free-

load. I stayed in first class hotels, ate at the best restaurants, and sampled as much night life as the time allowed. Even the women I bedded down with could be written off as entertainment for business purposes.

What are the long range implications of such political involvement? At the very least, Congressmen and other politicians who are the beneficiaries of foundation generosity are likely to be prejudiced in their favor. These legislators are not likely to pass laws to curb foundations or foundation-controlled business activities. One can only speculate to what extent future elections may be influenced—directly or indirectly—by foundation money? Columnist Jack Anderson raises a valid question when he asks, "What is to prevent an [unscrupulous foundation] from distributing grants to bribe politicians?"

No area of American life has been missed by foundations. Even the nation's foreign affairs can feel the foundation philosophy. Foundation executives have gone on to occupy such high-ranking government posts as secretary of state and head of the CIA. John Foster Dulles and Dean Rusk, both former secretaries of state, were trustees of the Rockefeller Foundation, while former CIA chief Allen Dulles was previously a trustee of the Carnegie Foundation. One of the most influential foreign affairs groups is the Council on Foreign Relations—which is supported by several leading foundations. Among those who have participated in the council's study groups are two recent secretaries of state, and seven undersecretaries. Its most prominent alumnus at the moment is Henry Kissinger, special advisor to President Nixon.

What can be done to check the growing and menacing influence of private tax-exempt foundations? A great many suggestions have been made, including full taxation of their business earnings and a stricter limit on the period of time that foundations can withhold income from charitable gifts. The United States Treasury, according to one of its reports, would like to see an end to all speculative activities, including borrowing money for investments. It also wants a regulation preventing a foundation from holding more than 20 percent of the stock in any one business.

Congressman Wright Patman, a long-time foe of the big-money interests, would like to hit the foundations with a 20 percent tax on gross income. He has also suggested the creation of a private foundation control commission, similar to the one that regulates the stock market. Such a commission, the Congressman believes, would "facilitate the enforcement of internal revenue laws and regulations relating to private foundations and aid in the development of a more equitable tax structure with respect to such foundations."

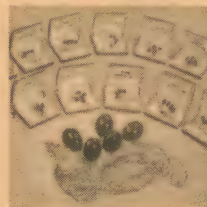
Unfortunately, these pleas for reform seem to have generally fallen on deaf ears. Perhaps too many public officials are beholden to the foundations and really don't want to take any major action to curb their influence. Meanwhile, some of the foundations happily indulge their hearty appetites for money and power. Each year they fatten their coffers while the rest of us foot the tax bills—and get a little thinner. □



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CREDIT GOUGERS

(Continued from page 19)

was to put the arm on a sucker named Kirby who had stopped making payments when his used-car lemon dropped its drive shaft in heavy traffic. He'd told the dealer to come and get his 4-wheel junkyard, but that wasn't how things were done in our business. The dealer would get it in due time, but not before friend Kirby had paid through the nose, over and over and over again.

Late that afternoon Sour-Puss Priddy padded over to the desk they'd given me. He glared and snapped, "You were given an assignment. What are you doing lolling around here when you are supposed to be out collecting?"

"Well, now," I said, laying down the papers I'd been studying, "this morning you told me, and I quote, 'How you go about your business is no concern of ours as long as your produce results.' If that was pure bull, say so now so I'll know where I stand."

For a moment I thought he was going to explode. Then he whirled without a word and stamped off on his elevator heels. I went back to studying the credit reports on Kirby. Afterward I went in to Jovial's attorney, a zombie named Embaugh, for a briefing on the legal rights of debtor and creditor. From his double-talk I gathered the laws were written for the sole benefit of outfits like Jovial and the debtor's only right was the right to pay and go on paying forever.

It was still daylight when I parked across the street from Kirby's. A late model car in the driveway was probably the heap that had caused all his trouble, most of which he didn't know about yet. He was about to start finding out.

I went up and leaned on the doorbell. Through the door glass I could see a man, a woman and two schoolage kids at a dining table. The man threw down his fork and said something. I'm no lip-reader but I got a pretty good idea it wasn't any benediction.

The door whipped open and a mousy little man stood there, clutching a napkin and still chewing on a mouthful of something. He had to tip his head back to see up to my face, but when he did his eyes flickered and his Adam's apple rode up and down his throat. He didn't know me but it was fairly clear he knew what I was there about.

"Something I can do for you? I'm just having dinner." His voice started low and strong but ended in a cross between a bleat and a croak.

"Why, yes, there is," I said pleasantly. "You can give me, as a representative of Jovial Finance, the sum of \$789.54 cash. There will be some additional charges, of course, but we will have to bill you later for those. And no check, please. Two of your checks bounced this month, I notice, and nothing makes our manager harder to

get along with than a rubber check."

"They didn't bounce," he squealed. "I stopped payment on them. Your outfit and that crooked dealer are hand in glove, I say. Hand in glove, and you'll never get another penny out of me. I told that robber to come and get his crap out of my driveway and welcome to it. If it stays here much longer, I'll charge him storage."

"Oh, we'll have it out tomorrow, Mr. Kirby. Do you have any particular garage whose tow-truck you'd like used? Since you're going to be paying for the two anyhow, you may as well have that choice."

"I'm not paying for any tow," he yelled, the cords of his neck standing out. "You've screwed me out of every cent you're going to, you thieves." He actually jumped up and down in his rage. "You'll never get another penny out of me, you crooks. Tomorrow morning I'm going to a lawyer."

"You do that," I said. "And while you're there, why don't you ask him about making out your will? It won't take long but it will save your wife a great deal of anguish."

"Threats," he squawled, turning a sickly white. "Now you're threatening me, and that's a matter for the police." He waved his arms. "Get out! Get off my property! And don't come back."

"Oh, I'll be back. Tomorrow morning, in fact. There'll be a man with me but we'll try not to disturb you. He's our real estate appraiser and he merely wants to put a rough valuation on your house, to help Jovial decide whether to put a lien on the house or a garnishment on your wages at Embry-Nash, where you work. We sort of dislike the garnishment because your boss is noted for firing employees who are garnished. He hates the nuisance and expense of the extra bookkeeping involved. Did you know that roughly 300,000 workers lost their jobs last year because of garnishments? Shameful, isn't it?"

"You're just trying to scare me." And succeeding, I said to myself, watching the wild shuttling of his eyes and the drops of sweat bursting out on his forehead. "I told you, you'll never get another cent out of me. Not one cent!"

"But we will," I told him gently. "Every cent, including collection costs, and they run high. The more stubborn you are, the higher they run. You signed an installment contract, which is a promise to pay an agreed amount, and the law takes a dim view of people who try to welsh on legal promises. We bought the contract in good faith and we take a dim view of welsers, too. You're in bad trouble, Mr. Kirby, and your only way out is to pay what you owe."

He yelled, "Never!" and slammed the door in my face.

At 2 a.m. I dialed Kirby's number. After several rings he answered, his voice heavy with sleep.

"Don't tell me you could sleep," I said, "with all you've got on your mind. You must be accustomed to this sort of thing. But you'll sleep better once you decide to drop around to our office in the morning and pay what you owe."

"Damn you," he yelled. "Damn you!"

He slammed down the phone. I fixed another sandwich and went back to my

reading. At 2:30 I called again. This time a sleepy woman's voice answered.

"Sorry to disturb you," I said, "but this is an emergency. I must speak to Mr. Kirby at once."

He must have been right beside her because he grabbed the phone instantly. "Damn you, damn you . . ."

"You're getting monotonous," I told him coldly, and hung up on him.

The next time I called I got a busy signal. Obviously they had the phone off the hook. I went to bed, and I'll bet I slept better than they did.

Early the next morning I was parked up the street when his kids came out to go to school. They were fresh-faced kids, the girls perhaps 14, the boy around 12. I strolled over to where they waited at the school-bus stop.

"Hello, kids, How's your daddy feeling this morning?"

The girl said, "Grumpy," and the boy said, "Awful." He stared at me. "Do you know our dad?"

"Very well. He's grumpy because he has big worries on his mind. Has he talked to you yet about what you're to do while he's in jail?"

"Jail?" They gaped at me, saucer-eyed. I had an urge to cut my own throat but I managed to suppress it.

"He hasn't told you yet? *Tch-Tch!* You know, buying something like a car and not paying for it is the same as stealing it—and people who steal have to spend years in jail. You'll probably be grown-up adults by the time you see him again."

The girl burst into tears and ran back to the house, the boy at her heels. I got into my car and drove off. Usually I start the day with a man-size breakfast but for some reason I seemed to have lost my appetite that morning.

Pridy came padding over to my desk shortly after I got in. "Well, where is it? The Kirby money, I mean. You were so flip and fresh about it yesterday."

I looked at my watch. "He'll be in between 11 and noon, either to pay up or beat me to a pulp."

I wasn't bluffing. I knew Kirby's threat to see a lawyer started as bluster, but I'd pushed him into actually doing it. He'd want an early appointment while he was still furious, so that would be 10 o'clock. In an hour the lawyer would have confirmed what I told him—that he didn't have a leg to stand on, legally.

I missed by 15 minutes. It was a quarter to 11 when he came in and paid up.

With that triumph I was off to the races. As my collections climbed, so did my paycheck, and every raise made it just that much easier to excuse the rotten things I was doing to people unfortunate enough to get into debt. I could forget how far behind the eight-ball I'd been when I landed the job with Jovial.

Only four or five times in as many years did I actually have to beat up some welsher. Before I laid a fist on one, however, I dug up enough dirt on him so he wouldn't dare enter a complaint.

My crowning triumph was on a neighborhood wise guy who almost fouled us up but good. An oil burner outfit had a sweet

(Continued on page 83)



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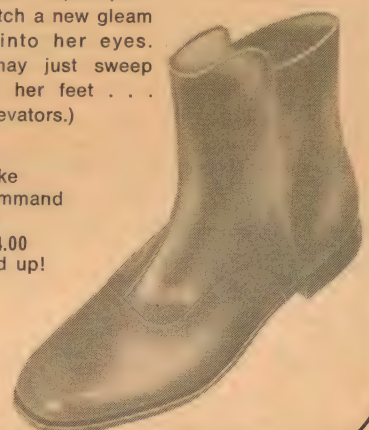
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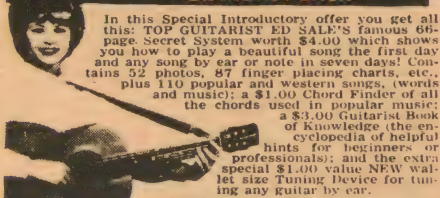
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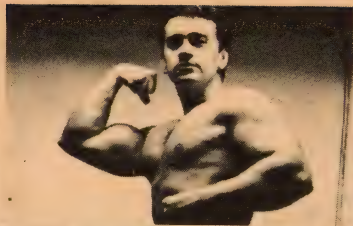
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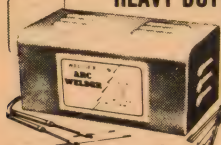


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SEX ANSWERS

(Continued from page 6)

QUESTION: I am 26 and my wife is 20. We've been married a little over a year and are having sexual difficulty. I am aware of the sex therapy clinic run by Drs. Masters and Johnson in St. Louis, but it is impossible for us to leave our jobs and travel there for treatment. Is it possible that there is a similar clinic closer to where we live?—(Name Withheld On Request)

ANSWER: Yes. The return address on your letter indicates you live in the New York area, which is fortunate. At this writing it is reported that Dr. Sallie S. Schumacher, who worked with the Masters and Johnson Reproductive Biology Research Foundation in St. Louis, will soon direct a new program of sexual therapy at Long Island Jewish Medical Center in New Hyde Park, N.Y. The center will be run on the same two principles which Masters and Johnson say have helped hundreds of troubled couples—that sexual function involves interaction between two people and that treatment can be shortened considerably if a male and female therapist work with the couple. The program will accept only married couples. Unlike the Masters and Johnson treatment, the couple do not have to pack up and move to St. Louis for a length of time. Instead, Dr. Schumacher says, treatment could be "integrated into normal, daily life." A couple, after paying \$1500 (the fee can be adjusted according to income), will come in for lessons daily, every other

day or weekly, depending on need. The sessions will begin with extensive physical and psychological tests. Then a therapist will tell the couple what he thinks is causing their distress. By the fifth or sixth session, according to Dr. Schumacher, the couple should have begun to learn a new mode of interaction.

QUESTION: Can it legally be assumed that a wife is guilty of committing adultery if she is caught in the act of petting with another man?—G.P., Los Angeles, Calif.

ANSWER: No. Mere petting by itself is insufficient to establish adultery.

QUESTION: My wife is very flat-chested and has been talking about getting one of those silicone operations to make her breasts larger. I realize quite a few women have undergone such surgery, but I still think it's dangerous. What's the real story?—Robert Landry, Detroit, Mich.

ANSWER: No ifs, ands or buts about it—it's not a good idea. "The injection of silicone fluid to increase the size of the female breast is an unapproved surgical technique and is dangerous," says Dr. William R. Barclay, an American Medical Association official, who makes it clear that the illegal and long-controversial injections may improve a girl's figure, but only at high medical risk. Studies by the Federal Food and Drug Administration brought to light serious side effects of the operation, among them massive abscesses which led to surgical breast removal and four deaths. The deaths apparently resulted when stray silicone entered the bloodstream and moved to the brain or lungs. □



racket going. A couple of their hotshots were cruising neighborhoods chiefly occupied by widows, maiden ladies and elderly retired people, flashing a phony tin badge and announcing themselves as fire department furnace inspectors, checking on the safety of heating systems.

Where the homeowner seemed tough and knowledgeable, they slapped a big, official-looking OK sticker on the furnace and got the hell out fast. But when they encountered gullible and helpless women or Homer Feep-type males, they went to town. The system, they reported, was in horrible condition and due to blow up at any minute unless extensive—and expensive—repairs or replacements were done immediately. Luckily, the city had an arrangement with the Happi-Heet Company to do the work at minimum cost, with no money down and months to pay. So three guesses to whom Happi-Heet sold its installment contracts, and who had the job of collecting when the “repairs” turned out to cost almost the price of an entire new heating system.

One of the homes they hit belonged to a man named Brown who was out of town on a business trip. His gullible wife panicked and signed up for the works. Brown came home, took one look at the bill and blew his stack. Only two weeks earlier, while his wife was visiting her mother, he had had the system thoroughly overhauled by a reliable firm and any needed repairs and replacements made. The cost was a tiny fraction of what Happi-Heet was charging.

Brown raged up and down the neighborhood, lining up fellow-victims, persuading them not to pay one penny on their installment contracts. His campaign was due to cost Jovial a barrel of scratch unless I could stop him, which wouldn't be easy. He was too sharp to be bluffed and too touch to take a pushing around. I had several meetings with him, both at his home and his office, and got nowhere. Yet I couldn't shake off a feeling that I was overlooking an obvious weakness, a chink in his armor that would put him at our mercy.

When it hit me finally, it was so obvious I cursed myself for not seeing it immediately. His wife was a real hag, sharp-featured, sharp-voiced, a bitch who could qualify as a test pilot for a broomstick factory. I could imagine her leading a coven around a black altar at midnight of Friday the 13th. Or lying inert on the bed, saying, “Oh, all right, if you insist on being an animal, get it over with quickly.”

So I knew I had him. Outfits like Jovial always have a stable of girls on tap, eager to earn a few extra bucks. All I had to do was select the sexiest, plant her at Brown's favorite watering place and let nature take its course.

When the photog and I broke into their hotel room, Brown gave me a bitter look and growled, “You sonsabitches don't miss a trick, do you? But you might have had the decency to wait ten more minutes, damn you.”

For some reason I'll never understand the plaintiff got to me as no other ever had. I'd cheated a man of his most vulnerable

moments, robbed him of the very essence of life itself.

The next morning I quit my job. I didn't bother to give any reason or excuse. They wouldn't have understood at Jovial. I'm not sure I understood either. I'd just had it up to here.

I didn't know it then, but I was getting out in the nick of time. The movement to protect consumers from fraud and pressure was snowballing, forcing outfits like Jovial to turn legitimate or get out.

In a growing number of states, the courts were permitting delinquent debtors to sue and collect heavy damages for “mental suffering caused by extremely outrageous conduct” of credit company collectors like me.

Arizona, Maryland and New York set another ball rolling by becoming the first state to allow from one to three days of cooling off period in which to reconsider and cancel a sales contract with a door-to-door salesman. Arizona, New Jersey and New York also became the first states to torpedo the time-honored concept that a legal contract was a holy bond, never to be torn asunder.

Oklahoma, however, set the pattern for a growing number of states with its Uniform Consumer Credit Code. Among its provisions was the right to cancel any contract with a door-to-door salesman within three days after signing up. Garnishment of wages was prohibited without a hearing and a court judgment, whereas in most states the creditor did not even have to prove the money was owed. If the buyer of a major appliance, such as a TV, defaulted on payments, the seller could either repossess the set or sue for the balance due, but not both, as outfits like Jovial were accustomed to doing.

But the finest laws are worthless if the consumer doesn't understand them or his rights. To correct that, the state fitted out an air-conditioned bus with 20 carpeted booths, equipped with audio-visual equipment explaining the buyers rights.

Then, in July 1969, the Truth-In-Lending Bill went into effect, embodying the best elements of the state consumer protection laws.

For example, a provision of the Federal law sets a maximum limit of 25 percent of a worker's income that can be garnished. But many states have tightened that noticeably. Florida, Pennsylvania and Texas permit no attachment of wages whatever. New York exempts the first \$48 of income completely and allows no more than ten percent above that. Furthermore, Federal law forbids an employer to fire a worker for his first garnishment. New York goes further and forbids firing him for more than one garnishment per year.

So I got out of the filthy racket just in time, and I sleep a lot better nights—when my work will let me.

My new job? Sneaking into factory parking lots and private driveways to legally steal back cars on which a buyer has been delinquent in his payments. I'm a repo man—a car reposessor. So keep those payments rolling, friend, or I may be dropping around your way one of these nights. □

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TYPHOON

(Continued from page 38)

what we're in for, they ain't going to want to be cooped up down there and we ain't going to talk them into it."

"What about Charley Woringa, the man in charge? Let's talk to him. Maybe he can make then understand the problem."

"Okay, but let's not get our hopes up!"

The two men took a few seconds to conceal their weapons and then crossed the deck to the open hold. A number of Africans in their nondescript uniforms sat along the rim.

"Woringa, you around?" Farmer shouted, looking through the crowd of black faces. "We gotta talk to you. Where are you?"

"What you want?" a voice shouted back. "Here I am." An African with a machinegun strapped over his shoulder stood up, walked to Farmer and Hillhouse.

"Charley, look over there. Big storm coming up. We gotta lock you guys in. It ain't going to be nice. But it's going to be worse if you're all loose and your men panic and try to stay on deck. They'll go over the side."

"Lock us in! The men won't buy that, Farmer," Woringa answered. The son of a diplomat, he had been educated in America and spoke excellent English.

"They have to buy it. Can't you talk to them? Get 'em to bite the bullet and hold on until the danger passes?"

"Sorry. They don't know anything about running ships. We aren't the U.S. Marines and I'm no top sergeant. They agreed to follow me only when it comes to fighting the colonialists." There was a pause while he gazed back at his compatriots. Then he added: "You better do what you have to do. And we'll hope it turns out."

"Yeah," Farmer replied. "It better burn out. Okay, you go back. And don't let them at that machinegun. In fact, how about letting me hold it?"

"No that'll only make them suspicious. I won't let them take it."

"You have a point there. Okay, go back among your men. And we'll manage as best we can."

Then Farmer turned to the assembled Africans.

"All right, you men are going to have to go down into the hold for awhile," he said. From his place in the middle of the group, Woringa translated.

"We've got some work to do and we'll need all the deck space we've got." Farmer was a tall man, loose-jointed and gangly. His face showed the effects of too many waterfront brawls and his big-knuckled hands looked like sacks of rock.

"We no go down there, chief," one of the Africans said, shaking his head emphatically. "Big storm come and maybe boat sink and we no want to be."

His words ended in a grunt of pain as Farmer's foot crashed against the side of his head, tumbling him into the hold. As the rest of the Africans started to their feet, the two mates rushed into them try-

ing to bowl them all in after him. So quick and violent were their movements that it seemed at first they'd make it. The Africans dropped on top of those already below like bees swept off a honeycomb.

"Get the hell over here some of you guys. We'll need help with the goddamn hatch cover!"

Half a dozen of the seamen came running as Farmer roared for them, and from the hold voices rose in panic as the first rush of the storm's gathering winds hit the ancient freighter. "Get us out of here, get up out! . . . We will be helpless when the water comes in! . . . Everybody out, everybody out, we will take the boat ourselves!"

They swarmed onto the two ladders that led up to the deck. Their faces were indistinguishable in the sudden darkness. They came in a scrambling rush and Farmer's voice roared out again. "Keep them down! Keep them down! Throw the ladders over on them."

The freighter was bucking, pitching and rocking. The storm had closed in on them. "Throw those ladders over —." A desperate howl rose from the frenzied men below as one of the ladders went backward from the rim of the hold, teetered upright briefly, and then went over with men howling in rage as others came down on them.

"Now the other one!" He stood above it with Hillhouse, both of them clubbing down with their marlinspikes, smashing the heads of those nearest them. "All right, we got it. Push it over!"

They crouched, got their hands on the top of the ladder, braced themselves to shove. But suddenly, a heavy hand had come out of the blackness of the hold and grabbed Farmer by the upper arm. He yanked back, swinging the arm wildly to wrench it free, but he was too far off balance by then to manage it.

"Son of a bitch!" he yelled, and then he was falling into the howling mass of bodies beneath him.

The *Madagascar Queen* had put in to Captown, South Africa, just four days earlier, steaming from Charleston, South Carolina, with a cargo of machine and tractor parts. The *Madagascar Queen* was one of three old wheelhouse freighters of the Tolliver Line and all three were at that point where getting decent cargoes had become a serious problem. They were that old, leaky and battered up.

The trip to Capetown was a limping sort of business, but they made it all right and unloaded their cargo there without incident. Then they took the *Queen* out into the harbor and anchored it there to leave room for others at the dock, and Capt. MacFayden went off to see about getting another cargo, telling Farmer he'd be back within 24 hours. "You decide who gets to go into town and who stays with the tub," he said. "Just see that everyone's back here by six tomorrow morning." MacFayden had been a merchant mariner for over 30 years and to judge from his nose—a swollen, purple-veined mass,—he'd been drunk all that time.

The second mate, Hillhouse, didn't want to go into town, so Farmer left him in charge of the *Madagascar Queen* and he went in to Capetown on his own. He

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was in a sour mood, brought on by Capt. MacFayden's growing incompetence, and he restricted himself to half a dozen drinks in a waterfront bar, knowing he'd only get in a fight if he let himself get drunk. He was approached by several prostitutes and finally let himself get talked into spending an hour with a thin, tense, hungry-looking woman wearing a blond wig that rose to a point a foot above her head.

They went to the woman's room, a dreary place the size of a closet with a naked lightbulb hanging down from the cracked, yellowed ceiling on a frayed cord. "Nice dump you got here," Farmer said staring at the narrow bed. "When's the last time you changed those sheets? They're as grey as your teeth. When's the last time you brushed your teeth?" "Ain't you the clever one?" the woman snarled. "What do you think you are, God's gift to women? All right, take your pants off. You ain't up here for conversation."

He left about 10 minutes later, telling her she ought to get into another line of work. "You'd do all right pumping gas and fixing flats, Florida. But when it comes to sex, you don't know if you're coming or going."

"Get the hell out of here or I'll tear your eyes out," the woman screamed. "You ain't all that hot yourself!"

He went out into the street, grinning, but the bitter mood of earlier settled down on him quickly again and he decided to go back to the freighter rather than bothering with anymore drinking or sex. One of the freighter's lifeboats was at dockside with a couple of seamen waiting to row out the men coming back. It was about four in the morning when Farmer got into it. As they started out to where the freighter sat in the water, a black lump made visible only by its running lights, one of the men said, "Wait till you see the cargo, Mr. Farmer."

"What do you mean, the captain's back and he's got a cargo loaded on already?"

The seamen both laughed and one of them said, "Yeah, there wasn't all that much to loading it on."

They reached the freighter in few minutes and Farmer went on deck by way of a landing net. Hillhouse was standing at the rail waiting for him. The second mate's face was almost black with suppressed rage. "I can't get the old bastard to listen to me, Dave," he said. "See what you can do with him. We can all get 20 years for something like this."

"What are you talking about?" Farmer said impatiently. "What the hell is this cargo everyone's being so mysterious about?"

"Go talk to him," Hillhouse said throwing up his hands as though in defeat. "I can't do a goddamn thing with him."

The hatch cover had been pulled over the hold. Captain MacFayden was lying asleep on it with his head in a woman's lap, a *mestizo*, a young woman part black and part Portuguese, her glossy black hair gathered up in a brightly colored scarf, a pair of huge golden rings clinking at her ears. She wore a wide, full skirt that would normally have reached her ankles, but she had drawn it up to accommodate MacFayden's head and her bare legs were long, full-calved and sloping down to



"When are you going to invent something useful—like a telephone?"

slender ankles above leather-thonged sandals.

"Here's the Mate, captain," she said calmly, and jiggled his head on her knee trying to wake him. When that didn't work she held his nose between her thumb and forefinger until he gasped for breath and came awake trying to pull his head free.

She said to Farmer, "I am Rona d'Amboise. Have you heard of the All-African Army? No, well I am one of its principal organizers." And to MacFayden, "Show Mister Farmer your cargo, captain darling, and then there is no reason why we should not be leaving."

MacFayden got to his feet drunkenly and shouted for several of the grinning seamen to pull back the hatch cover. A light was beamed down into the hold. Farmer cursed violently as he saw the men down there, their black faces turned up into the light. He made out a stack of rifles and enough khaki shirts and trousers to know he was looking at some sort of irregular army unit. "Guerrilla fighters for Mozambique, aren't they?" he rasped. "There's a push to overthrow the Portuguese there and these guys are going up there to help out. Twenty years apiece is right if we're caught at it. What the hell made you do it?"

"There are 200 of them and we're transporting them for \$100 apiece, Mister Farmer," MacFayden shouted, staggering and almost falling into the open hold. "That is a very fine price for a trip of less than a thousand miles, Mr. Farmer—\$19,000."

"Nineteen thousand?" Farmer said staring at him. "Why 19? It ought to be 20."

"Capt. MacFayden and I agreed on \$19,000 as a round figure, Mr. Farmer, on condition that I accompany the cargo," Rona d'Amboise said, hooking her arm through MacFayden's and leading him toward his cabin. "Come along, captain darling, let Rona make you comfortable."

They went off with MacFayden sagging, stumbling and turning to bawl back over his shoulder: "Start the engines, Mr. Farmer. Up anchor and head for the open sea." He resumed his stumbling pace with the girl holding him under the arm and purring.

Farmer stood staring after them, aware of Hillhouse at his elbow and the grinning

seamen watching him. At last he growled, "All right, all right! Let's get to it. Close the hatch until we've cleared the harbor. We'll have to see about feeding them. All right, everyone to their stations."

"It's crazy, Dave," Hillhouse said bitterly. "There ain't enough money in it to justify the risk."

"I know, I know," Farmer said. "But what the hell, we're stuck with it."

It was three days later, when they'd covered about two-thirds of the trip, that they ran into the storm, a typhoon . . . a great wind-whirling assault that came out of nowhere to blacken the sky and smash at the *Madagascar Queen* as though to rip it apart. Capt. MacFayden hadn't emerged from his cabin since going into it the morning they left Capetown and the two or three times MacFayden too drunk to respond.

"He is old and tired, the poor man," the girl said on one occasion, but her black eyes were glittering and Farmer knew she was pouring whiskey down MacFayden's throat to keep him helpless. "How fortunate he is to have someone like you to take charge of everything, Mr. Farmer. He has such confidence in you."

"You're a panic, lady," he'd said sourly. "All right, I get the message. He's out of it and if I've got any questions, I'm going to have to answer them myself."

Despite MacFayden's absence, however, things went smoothly those first two days and nothing came up that Farmer couldn't handle. But on the afternoon of the third day the typhoon rolled in over the northern horizon and he knew they were in for a pounding. For the guerrillas in the hold it was going to be a bad time, but it would be worse for all of them if they were up on deck, probably panicky and getting in the way. It was with that in mind that he and Hillhouse rushed those on the rim of the hold, kicking and flailing at them with their marlinspikes, trying to herd them below.

At one point it seemed they'd make it, the guerrillas tumbling in before their vicious charge and getting nowhere as they tried to come back up the ladders. But just as the second ladder was about to go over, a guerrilla's hand reached out of the darkness to grab Farmer by the arm and a moment later he was falling forward, scrambling to regain his balance.

"Jesus, I'm going. Some son of a bitch!"

But then he dropped down into the dark mass of bodies below him, knowing they'd tear him to bits if they could.

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"Christ almighty! What a spot to be in!"

The blacks knew he'd fallen in among them, but it was dark down there, now, and they couldn't see him. Raging, they kicked and hit out blindly, howling to one another to say where he was.—"Tell me, man! Tell me where the bastard is so I can cut his windpipe out." They were desperate to get him, and his failure to give himself away was pushing them into still greater rage and violence.

Feet and fists thudded against him, while he kept grimly silent, moving forward all the time to where one of the ladders leading out of the hold still stood. Reaching it, he looked up and saw a burly figure that had to be Hillhouse crouching and flailing a hand downward. "Farmer, Farmer! Where the hell are you?" the second mate was shouting. Above him great, jagged streaks of lightning were splitting the sky apart and the rain was pelting down.

"Jesus, just three-four steps up the ladder..."

He got a foot on the bottom rung. A voice screamed from somewhere behind him. "There he is!" He rose to the second rung and then hands grabbed at him from below. He flailed downward with the marlinspike and Hillhouse pleaded from above him. "One more step, Dave. One more step and I'll have you." He kicked out viciously to break free of the arms encircling his legs. He slammed the marlinspike down on heads and upturned faces. The sky cracked open again and a rumbling wall of thunder came in almost immediately on top of it, and then a hand grabbed the one he'd thrown up above him and Hillhouse was pulling at him.

"Almost, Dave. Almost got you!"

"Hold him, hold him." The voices below were agonized, despairing. He kicked himself free of the last hands clinging to him and then Hillhouse yanked him up the rest of the way and he was back on deck. "Get the goddamn hatch cover in place," he shouted above the crack and crash of the storm, but men were already bent to it and the heavy cover was sliding over the black pit that was the ship's hold. "Poor bastards," Farmer muttered as the last of the howling screams below was blotted out, and then he looked around to see how the *Madagascar Queen* was doing.

What he saw wasn't reassuring. The deck was strewn with debris. A long length of the rail lay partly ripped out. He could feel the engines pounding erratically beneath his feet and the freighter was wallowing heavily from side to side, tilting over until its deck was almost perpendicular to the savage sea, then tumbling back the other way with a great surge of water boiling over the deck, sending everyone to grab at ropes, stanchions, anything they could get hold of. He looked up to the wheelhouse and saw it had been all but ripped away, and the wheel itself remained, whirling untended.

"No one at the wheel." He howled at Hillhouse. The second mate's voice came back to him faintly even though they were just a few feet apart. "Harris was up there... washed over the side. No chance!"

"Got to get into the center of this

thing." His mouth was at Hillhouse's ear and another wave roared across the deck and slamming them up against one of the cabins. "Eye of the storm... got to steer into the center."

He started toward the ladder that led up to the wheel and Hillhouse's desperate voice came after him. "Never make it, Dave! For Christ sake! Nothing to hang onto up there —"

He reached the ladder and started up when a ton of water hit him from behind and banged his forehead against an iron rung. He had to hang on with both arms to keep from getting swept overboard. Roaring curses, he continued on up until he stood on the small, slippery, tilting deck and grabbed for the wheel.

As he got his hands on the knobs, a mountain of black water rose high above the wreckage of the wheelhouse and crashed down on him, buckling his knees. Crouched, shaking his head like an angry bull, he cursed again, then heaved back up and took hold of the wheel.

"Right into it! Get your nose right into it —" He pulled hard, butting his shoulders up against the water pounding at him. Below him he could see Hillhouse and the seamen on the deck watching him. They were hanging on as the freighter continued to make its crazy swings, heeling way over to starboard and then to port. He'd have to turn the bow straight into that drenching, pounding assault or they'd swamp.

"Come around, baby! Come around." His shoulders ached and his hands were numb as stones, but the freighter was beginning to turn, coming around reluctantly and with a great creaking of its ancient timbers. Finally the bow was poking straight into the surging waters.

"Hold it, now! Hold it, baby."

The *Madagascar Queen* had stopped floundering and was beginning to move forward. Farmer braced himself, planting his feet wide, and narrowing the wheel's revolution, tightening it down to maintain a course. The black clouds rolled over them, still cleaved by streaks of lightning. But there was a certain hush. An airlessness as though they were approaching a vacuum.

"Right in the middle, hitting right into the eye of the storm."

Incredibly, the storm raged all about them, but at its very center there was total calm, not even a breeze. Farmer took his hands off the wheel and it didn't move. He climbed down the ladder to the deck and told Hillhouse to send a man up to the wheel and then start making repairs. "See if you can get that rail straightened out. We don't want anyone slipping over the side." Then, knowing he needed a drink, he went to the captain's cabin.

MacFayden was still in bed and dead to the world. The girl was tense, her teeth bit down at her lip at the sight of Farmer. The battering he'd gone through in the hold and on his way up to the wheel had left his face lumped and badly bloodied.

He said, "We'll be all right for a while and if we're lucky, maybe for good. I need a drink." Then he fell into a chair and she brought him a tumbler of whiskey and stood watching as he took a couple of big gulps at it. She said, "I went out on the

deck a while ago and saw you up there at the wheel. I was sure you'd be washed over the side. I guess you saved us all by doing that." And then she added in a low voice, "You ought to have more than just a drink to look forward to after that."

"Do I understand you right?" When she nodded, he got up, dragged MacFayden off the bed and dropped him on the floor. Then he began taking his clothes off. Smiling, the girl said, "You don't do things in a roundabout way, do you?" She began slipping out of her own clothes. Moments later they were in bed together and she was touching his bruised face with her fingertips and then kissing him delicately. "Here, this will make it feel better," she said.

"Yeah, that's a help," he agreed. His big hands began moving over her body, and a hard tension gripped them both. They were flowing at each other with a practiced certainty that guaranteed everything would go just right. There was no fumbling to their lovemaking, no tentative touching, but rather the sureness and confidence that comes from long experience.

In climax, her high-pointed breasts thrust hard against his chest and their mouths met and they both gave themselves over to the same strong, jolting rhythm. Then, relaxed and feeling wonderful, they fell back from each other, neither one smiling or laughing because they knew it was the one and only time they would make love to each other. Then Farmer said, "Thanks, woman. That ought to carry me. Now, I'd better get up on deck."

They dressed, lifted MacFayden back into bed still dead to the world, then kissed once more.

They came out of the storm early the next morning and inside of an hour, the sun was out and blazing down on them. The *Madagascar Queen* was a shambles above deck but its wheezing old engines were still pumping it along.

A little before noon they slid into a narrow cove of the Mozambique coast where the guerrillas were to go ashore. The shore was all jungle, thick and foreboding. Men came out in a number of old rowboats to take the guerrillas in. The guerrillas went over the side carrying their rifles, and Farmer and Hillhouse stood at the rail watching them go. A few of the fighters waved and the seamen waved back and nothing was said about the violence that had taken place in the hold.

Rona d'Amboise went in the last boat and was the last among them to disappear in the jungle. Then Farmer called out, "up anchor!" They were on their way up the African coast, looking for a port where they could see to extensive repairs. A few minutes later Captain MacFayden staggered out on deck and over to where Farmer and Hillhouse still leaned against the rail.

"What's been happening on my ship?" he belched, squinting and trying to get his eyes to focus. "She looks like a mess. How did you get her in this kind of shape?"

"We must have done something wrong, Captain," Farmer said grinning and winking at Hillhouse. "The way it looks you'd almost think we'd been in a typhoon." □

JAPANESE GIRLS

(Continued from page 40)

office of a major shipping firm keeps her kitchen stocked with rice and *sukiyaki* at times when the oldest profession in the world doesn't.

By day, wearing a skintight cardigan sweater, mini-skirt, and little makeup, Suzie Tanayashi is an attractive and pleasant asset in the offices of her company, where she fakes shyness when shrugging off requests for dates from co-workers.

At night the image changes. Applying false eyelashed and green eyeshadow to her dark, sensual eyes and dabbing pink her lips to accent the sultry, exotic look, Suzie adorns knee-length black boots, leather hotpants, and braless, she puts on a clinging sheer blouse designed to emphasize her jutting breasts. Walking with a provocative sway, she prowls the neon-lit waterfront of Kobe looking for men—and hoping that the men she finds will be Americans.

When 31-year-old tourist-businessman Bob Severts from Pittsburgh first set eyes on Suzie last November he couldn't believe what he saw. Severts (a pseudonym) had been in a Kobe bar, under the impression he was drinking *sake* (rice wine), but actually chugging a potent, clear liquor, *pae-kal*, which is 100 proof. Tipsy and uncoordinated, he tremped out on the street to find that he was being approached by the most beautiful vision of raw sensuality he'd ever seen.

"My apartment?" Suzie offered, uttering in a throaty voice two of the only words she knows in English.

"Yeah, I'll say! I've only been in Kobe a few hours, but I think I'm going to like it here!"

The girl led him to an 80-yen (20¢) Toyota taxi-cab and spouted instructions in her language. While the driver weaved at dizzying speed through traffic and crowds, the girl took his hand and placed it on her thigh. Her perfume haunted his nostrils and he felt her hand moving, getting to know him in ways that weren't hindered by any language barrier.

A half hour later, Severts was sprawled on the couch in Suzie's plush apartment, drink in hand, watching the girl undress. She made a game of it, undulating to music in the glow of moonlight that spilled through the window to outline her lithe, sensual body. Already she'd spared him the embarrassment of discussing price by reaching into his wallet and playfully removing a 5,000-yen note (\$14). Now she was demonstrating what he's purchased, stripping artfully, not with bumps and grinds but with studied, graceful motions calculated to excite him to a pitch.

"You're something, Suzie."

Actually, they made love the first time on the red-shag rug in her living room, again in a soapy shower, and only much later in her opulent bed, where Suzie proved to be an eager and inventive partner. . .

Suzie's home town, the bustling, spraw-

ling—and polluted—industrial port of Kobe (pronounced "ko-bay") is at the forefront of the new sexual revolution sweeping Japan. On the east coast of the main island of Honshu, 220 miles from Tokyo, Kobe grew up from marshland and mountain slopes once used only for grazing cattle. "Kobe beef," made from steers fattened by a diet of eggs and beer, has long been world famous as the tastiest of fine meats. But now the cattle ranches are giving way to factories, the harbor is choked with merchant vessels of a hundred nations, and Kobe has become a thriving place of glittering neon, traffic jams, and high-hemmed miniskirts.

Girls like Suzie Tanayashi are a dying breed. From the time of ancient *geishas* to the "boom" in streetwalking harlots just after World War II, Kobe has always had prostitutes but probably not much longer.

"It's too easy to shack up without shelling out a dime," says an American resident. Fact: Official figures listed 5,700 prostitutes in 1956, and only 930 in 1972! Fact:

A local survey of office girls, secretaries, and coed students revealed that 88 per cent had experienced intercourse more than twenty-five times before their 21st birthdays.

It's no secret that Japanese girls, trained since time immemorial to please the male of the species, are among the most appealing and alluring of young women anywhere. What's new in Japan is that woman's traditional role as a man-pleaser is being enhanced by new freedoms, new frankness, and the influx of outside living patterns.

Take clothing. The time-honored kimono, with its wide *obi* belt, covers the entire body from neck to feet, yet reveals every flowing contour, every curve, and can be the sexiest of garments. Nowadays, if two Japanese girls are walking down the street, chances are one will be attired in this costume while the other will wear the latest fad—a black-leather mini, a skintight pants-suit, or a see-through pullover. The sensual young women of Japan have begun to combine the best of East and West in a stunning, breathtaking package of good looks and easygoing sexiness.

TOSHIKO OF TOKYO

The "anything goes" climate of sexual freedom in Japan is nowhere more evident than in the capital, Tokyo, world's largest city, where Mayor Ryochi Minobe once tried to close down the city's 4,800 massage parlors, found that his constituents didn't support the move, and gave up. Just about every Tokyo streetcorner boasts of a walk-in parlor where a scantily-clad hostess will administer a steaming hot bath, a massage and rubdown, and any desired sexual service afterward. The hot bath and massage are intimately associated with the act of love in Japanese lore, and there's no taboo on oral sex, or anything else for that matter.

Speaking of oral sex, Japanese women have always been unabashed in using a variety of techniques to satisfy their love partners and have never had any hangups about the male anatomy. Toshiko Minawa, 26, a tall, sleek-haired stewardess for a Japanese domestic airline, readily admits

that she is fascinated to observe her male partners in the nude. She says that she enjoys using her lips and tongue in preliminary foreplay, and sometimes in bringing her partner to climax, adding that this has enabled her to become more acquainted with the penis and to better understand the physical urges of her partner.

Toshiko, nearly five-eight, 38-21-36, with satiny hair that used to spill to her waist before she cropped it to meet the airline's regulations, is a striking example of today's "new" Japanese woman. In the past, because of their supplicant role, women in Japan rarely held jobs, drove automobiles, or rented apartments. Toshiko does all three. Her walk-up flat in Tokyo's central Yurakucho district, which she shares with two other stewardesses, is exquisitely furnished with deep carpeting, mod-style furniture, and costly stereo equipment.

Having roommates enhances Toshiko's sex life, rather than restricting it. Like many beautiful young women suddenly free of the taboos of the past, she has experimented with woman-to-woman love-making, which she says, rather than making her a lesbian, has heightened her ability to please the male. On rare nights when all three girls are free from their airline duties, they frequently entertain one man whom they share in a night-long session of role-swapping that allows all four to try any sex practice that comes to mind.

Group sex or swapping—terms that have become commonplace and can be written in the *kana* characters of the Japanese language—reflect the new openness that attends sex in Japan. A petite, sensual, 24-year-old housewife, Sumiko Tanaka, told us that she and her husband seek a more varied sex life by swapping with other couples.

For Sumiko and her husband, the group sex is remarkably similar to the "swinging" scene in the U.S. But there's a difference in the degree of privacy involved. Wooden Japanese homes with their *fusuma* (walls of wood and paper) offer little insulation from sound. A couple making love on the *tatami* floor of one room can hear every quickening of breath, every cry of pleasure, that comes from the next room.

Sumiko and her husband meet regularly with groups of three or four other couples for evening swap sessions. Sometimes, single girls are added to serve as a "prize"—the male who wins a drawing consorts with two or three women at the same time. Sometimes foreigners are invited, and Americans are the most popular.

MITSUKO OF OSAKA

For the freewheeling visitor in Japan, the best place to cash in on today's new sexual thing is not Kobe, not Tokyo—but Osaka. Two years after it hosted millions at EXPO '70, Osaka is still the most "international" city in Japan. A steel-producing center and site of a 700-year-old Buddhist temple, Osaka is both heady and restful—a town where you can drink to abandon in 1,900 nightclubs or relax in

the park beneath the might castle (now a museum) built in the year 1584 by Hideyoshi, the unifier of Japan.

The city's role in the new sexual revolution is legend. Japanese fondness for black-lace bras and panties, interuterine devices, and erotic western literature took hold first not in Tokyo but in Osaka.

"In most parts of Japan, the old and the new mix together awkwardly," says an American resident, Pete Aarons. "In Tokyo or Kobe, everybody is in too much of a hurry. But in Osaka you can still find a girl who enjoys the gradual, good things in life . . . like giving you a hot, steaming bath and massage . . . not at a bathing parlor but in her home—and running her fingertips across your body, building up slowly into a little imaginative foreplay that develops into artful lovemaking. . . ."

In a recent magazing interview, a number of the hip, enticing girls who've made Osaka a paradise for the roving male were questioned about their sex lives. Those in our survey were a cross-section of today's sexually-liberated young Japanese woman—free from restrictions of the past, yet wedded to their traditional role as man-pleasers. . . .

23-year-old Mitsuko Sumiye, a leggy, statuesque receptionist for an Osaka bank, shifted uncomfortably in her chair while we switched on our tape recorder and began to talk. Mitsuko wore a black slack suit over a pale blue turtleneck sweater, draped over her lithe body in a way that accented her tallness and resilience.

"I had the usual strict Japanese upbringing. Doting parents. An all-girls' school. But our society is changing, you know. The boys have automobiles now. The night I graduated from high school, I 'parked' at the overlook above Hideyoshi Castle with a young man named Takio. We started kissing and fondling and . . . well, soon his hand was under my bra, cupping my breast, and we were both very excited. His other hand moved up my thigh, slowly, beneath my dress, and we began kissing very deeply. . . ."

Anyway, I made love with Takio in his car and soon afterward I was making love with other boys, experimenting, trying different positions, becoming acquainted with oral sex. . . ."

Mitsuko's candid way of speaking would have been unknown in Japan a generation ago. She crossed her legs again and continued:

"Most Japanese girls are curious about American men and eager to meet them. Of course we've heard that American men are . . . well, . . . bigger. But it isn't that. They're also more considerate, more mature, and they know how to please a woman.

"I always remember my first American, Jim. Jim Redmond—he was a merchant seaman from a place called Galveston. We met in a coffee shop where each of us started a conversation with the other at the same moment. We checked into a *ryokan*, a Japanese-style inn, where I signed the register as 'Mr. and Mrs'. We took a bath together, then retired to our room and stretched out on the *tatami* floor mat. I was eager and curious, but also a little afraid when Jim began kissing me, touching my breasts, running his hands

over my body.

"I needn't have worried. Jim was very tender and thoughtful. He took a long time exploring me with his hands and his mouth, finding ways to kindle my desires. When we made love, it was tumultuous experience for me. I had my first orgasms that time, and I have been having them sever since. . . ."

"Later, after I had a small apartment of my own, I had another special boyfriend named Pete. Pete Martin, from Chicago. He had a favorite trick that I loved. He would rub my body with suntan oil, making my skin tingle—I just love to be touched, almost anywhere—and then we would explore different ways to arouse each other. I'll never forget the first time I performed fellatio on him. It got me really excited because I knew it was giving him pleasure."

The new sexual freedom in Osaka has had some interesting side-effects for some enterprising Japanese. Uphill from the stucco Osaka-Ashiya Railway Station is a small, first-floor shop operated by an elderly but still attractive widow, Toniro Anawa, better known as "Peggy" Anawa. This is the headquarters for Peggy's chain of stores which specialize in sex devices, including artificial organs, lubricant creams and oils, vibrators, "unusual" styles of lingerie and underclothing, and so on. Peggy advertises freely on radio and in newspapers and has a large sign on her door in *kanji* characters reading "BUY HERE FOR A BETTER SEX LIFE". Most of her customers are females in the 20-30 age group.

KAZUKO OF SAPPORO

On the northern island of the Japanese chain, Hokkaido, the new era of sexual permissiveness is taking hold in the ancient, rustic city of Sapporo, site of excellent ski resorts and of the Winter Olympics. When the international pre-Olympic games were held at Sapporo's Mount Teine last year, visitors were amicably surprised by the influx of attractive, unattached girls looking for intimate after-ski entertainment.

Kazuko Omeyei, age 24, saucy and provocative in a split *choeng-sam* dress, typifies the new breed of single girls in Sap-

poro who seek unfettered sexual thrills. Married and divorced, now working as a cocktail waitress at a mountain ski lodge, Kazuko explains that she came to the winter resort to meet men, "especially American." With several other girls, she rents an A-frame cabin in the mountains complete with a spa bath and a bedroom with mirrors on walls and ceiling. Kazuko is sold on the visual effects of lovemaking and says that mirrors, which reflect a psychedelic montage of double images, stimulate her more than any foreplay.

Her expert knowledge of English, another new phenomenon on the changing scene in Japan, helps Kazuko to meet traveling bachelors. Take her encounter with 27-year-old ex-GI Howard Anderson, from Denver, who decided to blow his Vietnam mustering-out pay on a tourist jaunt around Japan. Anderson had spent a frustrating day in the snow on the Sapporo beginners' slope, decided that he would never make a skier, and was sitting in the lodge sipping a beer. Kazuko slid into the chair next to his, kicking her *choeng-sam* above the knee and giving him a generous display of leg and thigh.

"You are not having a very interesting time in Sapporo," she said, winking at him meaningfully.

"I wasn't until now."

"I have a place where we can go."

"Let's."

Relaxing in Kazuko's cabin with the snow falling outside and a steaming rum drink in his hand, Anderson saw no reason to protest when the girl began undressing him, slowly, playfully, but with an expertise that revealed her knowledge of men. He is reluctant to discuss their afternoon of lovemaking surrounded by Kazuko's mirrors, except to say that toward evening one of Kazuko's roommates arrived, stripped unceremoniously, and joined them in bed. Anderson spent his entire vacation in that cabin, got to know the other roommates intimately and says he's never believed, before then, that there is still a place where you can get away from it all—with creative female companionship.

There is. It's Japan. It's always been world-renowned for the sexual diversions it has to offer, and the only change in 1972 is, it's getting better. Better than ever. □



"Imagine sleeping with the same man all the time!"

HEROIN WAR

(Continued from page 16)

from one corpse to another, shining his light into the shattered faces, feeling inside the bloodsoaked clothes for wallets but finding only money clips, all of them holding wads of hundreds. He whistled tonelessly as he worked, a tall man in a leather windbreaker, his collar drawn up against the wind.

Finding nothing on any of the dead men that helped identify them, he took a thick pack of pictures out of his pocket, Police "mug" shots, and began going through them. After a few minutes he gave his first grunt of satisfaction: "Nick Palz... Lefko... Dempsey... Strozzi... The Bronx Bombers. They're all out of the same mob, The Bronx Bombers. Well, that ought to help."

Bud Kline came up on deck, a stocky man red-faced from the cold and wearing several sweaters with a hooded sweatshirt over them, the hood turned up to protect his ears. He said, "We didn't find any more stiffs down there, but we pulled a guy out of the toilet that don't even have his hair mussed."

"What happened? What did he tell you?"

"We can't get anything out of him. He's too scared to talk."

Morrison said impatiently, "Nobody's too scared to talk. Why didn't you shake him up a little?"

"How could I with Roberts standing right there? Roberts is promising him immunity and all that, but the guy's not interested. He just don't want to talk."

"Bring him up here. He'll talk."

Kline went below and came back a minute later with the Immigration Service man, Roberts, and the man they'd found below. Roberts was about 23 or so, long-haired and wearing the Service's tan uniform. The other man was thin, dapper, badly pimpled. He wore an expensive suit in grey and white checks, a camels hair top coat, and a fawn grey, wide-brimmed hat. Morrison stared at him, then went through his stack of pictures again and pulled one out. "Here we go," he said. "Dickie Watt. Dickie Watt? What kind of name is that for a bombardier?"

Watt grinned. He'd been looking jumpy when he came up on deck, but he was getting over it. "You got me wrong, chief. I'm no bombardier. I'm in the public relations business."

Morrison looked at the notations under the picture and spoke to the other two. "Dickie's got a record going back 23 years. Bribery, extortion, armed robbery and an arms length of unsolved killings."

"That's no record, Chief," Watt said comfortably. "Those are all things they pulled me in for and had to turn me loose. I don't have no record there, chief. You don't get no record in public relations."

"There was a gun in the toilet when we pulled him off it," Kline interrupted.

Watt laughed "Now how could that

have got there? I ain't no miracle man."

"Full of little jokes, aren't you, Dickie?" Morrison said. "All right, now supposing you tell us what happened to your friends here." He turned to Kline and Roberts. "These guys were all the way up there in one of the biggest drug rings in the East Bronx and Spanish Harlem. We got them down in the books as The Bronx Bombers. Dickie's one of their gunners. All right, Dickie, what went on here?"

Watt looked around at the dead men all over the deck and grinned. "They must have been holding a dance. That's it, they must have been holding a dance and the one kid tried to make it with the other kid's girl and the next thing you know they're having a rumpus." His grin widened. "Yeah, that's the way it was."

Morrison's face went stiff as wood and he moved forward, lifting a hand. "I'll dance you, you son of a bitch. I'm asking you—"

"Now, Morrison! We're not doing any of that," Roberts raised a warning hand. "The man's got his constitutional rights, you know."

"That's right, I don't want to forget that," Morrison said. "Look, we got to do this right. Whatever he says, we got to get it down on paper. You want to get a pad from the plane and something to write with?"

Roberts looked at him, chewed on his lip a few seconds and then nodded. He climbed over the rail to start down the rope. Morrison took Watt by the arm and walked him around to the other side of the deck. Bud Kline followed.

As Morrison released him, Watt said, "All right, so you got rid of the brass. What are you going to do now, beat it out of me? You think you can beat it out of me if there's something I don't want you to know?"

Morrison grinned sourly and spoke to Bud Kline. "Uh huh, so we got one of those. Put the boots to him and you got to watch out he don't kiss you for it." He turned to Watt. "No, I'm not playing that one with you. I got something else in mind."

He moved with violent suddenness, grabbing Watt by the forearm with enough force to make him squeal and twisting him down to the deck on his knees, shaking the rope off his arm as he did so. Then quickly he looped the rope around Watt's middle, around the camels hair coat, knotted it tightly and hauled him back up on his feet. He took his hat off, saying, "We don't want anything happening to that nice hat, Dickie."

"What the hell—" A whining note had come into Watt's voice. "What are you doing? What's with the rope? What—"

"Hand onto the end of it with me," Morrison grunted to Kline. Then he lifted Watt up like a doll and carried him over the rail, Watt kicking his feet ineffectually and with his voice rising high-pitched and panicky, "Come on, fellows! Don't do that. You don't want to give a guy pneumonia."

"Don't I?" Morrison nodded at Kline to hold onto the other end of the rope and then he raised the hood shoulder high and threw him over the side, grabbing for

Kline's end of the rope as he did, the two men bracing their feet on the deck.

Below them Watt howled in terror, hit the water, made strangled, gurgling sounds that were wiped out as he went under, then came up again making sounds as though he were trying to scream but didn't have the breath for it. "All right, let's bring him up," Morrison said. They hauled him up to deck level. He was drenched, gasping and shivering uncontrollably the rope high up under this arm-pit. Holding him there hanging outside the rail, Morrison said, "What about it?"

His face went purple with the cold, his lips trembled so that he could barely form the words. "Don't know! Don't... don't know nothing. Don't..."

Morrison said, "Put him in again," and a moment later Watt's despairing wall floated up to them followed by a splash.

Straining on the other end of the rope, Bud Kline said, "You're not going to be able to keep this from Roberts."

"Roberts is all right. He only went back to the plane to give us room for something like this."

Kline looked doubtful. "You think so?"

"Sure, Roberts is a bright kid," Morrison said. "I wouldn't be surprised if Roberts went to Harvard. All right, let's bring him back up."

They hauled Watt up again and held him hanging over the rail at deck level. Morrison said, "All right, we're all ears. What do you have for us?"

Watt's eyes were closed. Water poured off him, but crystals of ice had formed on his coat and there was ice in his hair. Morrison said, "Still nothing to tell us, huh? All right, put him in again."

But at that point Watt's eyes opened, and he panted: "French... French mob—"

"All right! Let's haul him in," Morrison said. A moment later Watt lay gasping and retching on the deck, his body shaking violently. Morrison squatted down beside him to undo the rope, and said: "We'll give you a shot of whiskey to crank you up and some coffee to keep you going. Any clowning around and you're going in there again and this time I'm forgetting to pull you out. We're a little tight on time."

It's been known for many years that the focal point of the international drug trade is Marseilles, France. It's here that the opium product of Turkey is processed into heroin and other drugs, and it's from here that they begin the long, roundabout journey that eventually brings them to the streets, schools, factories, offices and so forth of the United States.

Through the two decades of the Fifties and Sixties, the drug traffic in and out of Marseilles was controlled by a Corsican family named Campolo. A tribe, actually, rather than a single family, there were some 80 or 90 Campolos in the Marseilles area alone heading up an international organization that numbered in the thousands—gunners, runners, fixers, laboratory technicians and others.

In early November of 1969 a message to the United States Treasury Department from a police source in France listed facts indicating that the Campolos were plan-

ning to enter directly into drug-distribution operations in the United States. Whereas in the past they had limited themselves to supplying various distribution rings in this country, they now intended to set up their own apparatus and sell directly to the American market.

The significance of this Campolo decision was quickly picked up by those officials of the Treasury Department's Narcotics Division that would have to deal with it. The Campolos would be opposed by the rings already in operation here. There would be battles for control of the drug business in every major city of the country. That meant guns, knives, tortures, treachery, killings—all the events of big-city gangster warfare, but conducted at a level that would make every gang war of the past look like a game of beanbag by comparison. At stake, after all, would be the entire multi-billion-dollar American drug market.

By the second week in November, meetings were held in Washington at which strategies to deal with the impending Campolo invasion were suggested, discussed, and passed along for final review and decision. Before November 20 it became known that a Campolo task force was on its way. Since their attempted entry would be illegal, the Immigration Service was brought into the picture and agents at every American point of entry were placed on alert.

On November 23 the Immigration Service in Washington was contacted by Canadian Immigration personnel at Heron Bay on the north coast of Lake Superior. They reported that the freighter, *Colin McFee*, had just left Heron Bay in the general direction of eastern Minnesota. Its papers were in order. Its cargo of food stuffs and lambs wool checked out. Nevertheless, there was something about the crew that had made the Canadians suspicious. The crewmen just didn't seem to be the kind one ordinarily saw on a Great Lakes freighter.

The Immigration Service immediately re-alerted its agents along the Superior coast line and also flew up two of those whom, for want of a better name, they called troubleshooters—Steve Morrison and Bud Kline. A restless man of many violent skills, Morrison had taken on a number of assignments for different Government agencies in the past—in the Congo, in the Dominican Republic, and in Thailand among others. In all of them he had demonstrated a capacity for creative and unorthodox methods that got results when more normal ways would have failed. Although obviously cut from the same mold, Kline was a much less experienced man and went along prepared to take orders from Morrison.

The two men were put down at an Immigration Service station on the Superior shores, and shortly afterwards a report came in that the *Colin McFee* had been spotted 90 miles off the Minnesota coast and was apparently drifting. A seaplane was immediately sent out to where it had been seen, the young officer, Roberts, in charge of it, and Morrison and Kline aboard. They found the freighter, boarded it, and encountered the situation de-

scribed earlier—some half a dozen leaders of a New York narcotics ring identified as the Bronx Bombers dead, all of them in the most violent way, and one, an assassin called Dickie Watt, hiding in a toilet below deck in a state of terror.

It was apparently Watt's intention to keep it to himself what had happened on the *Colin McFee*, but after Morrison dumped him in the icy lake twice, he talked. Accordingly, a few minutes after being brought back up on deck, he was in a cabin below, wrapped in a blanket, wearing the expensive hat Morrison had clapped on his head, and drinking hot coffee.

"The Campolos were in touch with us from Marseilles and then again from Canada," Watt said in response to Morrison's question. "They wanted to see us about working out a deal where we would go into partners in the New York area. They said they had some ideas where by working with them, we could make out even better than we were doing before. So when the Campolos said they had some ideas, we said sure, let's talk it over."

The Campolos would be coming down



"Prisoner #557049 took my sub-machine gun away and he won't give it back."

from Canada disguised as the crew of a Great Lakes freighter. So an arrangement was made to meet aboard the freighter at a particular time and place. The Bronx Bomber contingent flew up to Duluth on a scheduled airliner, bringing along a member who was also an expert boat handler. At Duluth they hired a fishing launch, *Deep Sea Dancer* (presenting themselves as a group of New York businessmen on a vacation). They were taken out by the captain-owner, a man named Jurgenson, and his two sons, both of them men in their early twenties. A few hours out of Duluth, the Jurgensons were killed, their bodies weighted down and thrown over the side.

"Was that your job, getting rid of the Jurgensons?" Morrison asked.

"I was too seasick to help them out on that one," Watt said. "They had to give it to someone else."

"Yeah, I'll bet," Morrison said.

"Honest to God," Watt said. "I hope to drop dead if it ain't true."

"Knock it off, will you?" Morrison said irritably. "What happened after you met up with the Campolos?"

"Well, it was in the afternoon and it

was nice and sunny and we were having a drink before we got down to talking business. I had to go down to the can and while I was down there, all of a sudden I heard this shooting begin and then I heard our guys hollering and begging not to be killed. I come out of the can and started up the stairs. Halfway up I could see what was going on. What I saw, well, it did something to me. I mean I never saw anything like it before and I can get along without ever seeing it again."

The Campolos had apparently gone for their guns, probably at some pre-arranged signal, and the Bronx Bombers were lying all over the deck, all of them badly wounded but not as yet dead. And then as the Campolos stood about, watching and laughing, one of their members moved from one fallen Bomber to another, doing those savage things to them that had so mutilated their bodies. "You never saw such a horse," Watt said. "He was easy 400 pounds and the face on him was like stupid, you know what I mean? The others called him Marcel..."

It was the giant, Marcel, who had ripped one of the wounded Bombers open with a knife, and who had beaten another's head. He had committed comparable atrocities on all the others, according to Watt, and the rest of the Campolos had watched and urged him on as though he were a performing bear—"Even the women!"

"They had some women with them?" Morrison said.

"Two of them," Watt said, "and they were animals, too. But a different kind of animal than Marcel, you know what I mean?"

"Yeah, I know what you mean," Morrison said. "they were more like rabbits. All right, what happened when Marcel was finished?"

"I didn't stay to see the ending. I came back down to the can and sat there with my cannon in my lap for when they came looking for me. But they never did. They must have forgot all about me. As soon as the last of our guys stopped screaming up there, the Campolos got into our launch and took off. And then it was hours later that I heard your seaplane coming in and I thought it was the Campolos suddenly remembering me and coming back to give me what they gave the others. So that's why I went and hid in the can again. I felt pretty good, I can tell you that. When I heard them two talking and realized it wasn't the Campolos coming back after all."

Morrison thought a few minutes, staring at Watt, and then said, "It sounds as though they're not interested in making any deals. They're just going to shoot their way into the American market. Where did they go after they left here, Dickie?"

"How do I know?" Watt shrugged. "They didn't say nothing—" And then his voice became strained because of the way Morrison was staring at him. "I'm telling you the truth. Let me fall down dead on this spot if I ain't. They didn't say nothing about that. They just talked to us nice as can be about all the money we were going to make out of working together, and then

I went down to the can and that's when the shooting began. Let me fall down dead on this spot if that ain't the truth."

"Don't fall down dead just yet," Morrison said. "We've got a lot more questions to ask you. In fact, you're probably not going to be doing much except answer questions for the rest of your life." He turned to Roberts. "We got to get back to shore. I've got to call Washington on this one, and you've got to get someone out here to bring the bodies back in and get them properly identified."

They returned to the Immigration Service station and Morrison called Arnold Peabody of the Treasury Department's Narcotics Division in Washington. Peabody was in charge of the entire operation and it was he who had brought Morrison and Kline into it. He listened in silence as Morrison told him what had happened, then said, "That ties in with the latest information we've gotten from Marseilles. That's a Campolo extermination squad you're dealing with."

"Yeah, I figured that," Morrison said. "The thing is where did they go in that boat? We can't do much until we locate them."

"We might have something on that," Peabody said. "We've been noticing a lot of unusual movement in one of the big Detroit rings the past few days, and just yesterday ten of them started out in two cars heading northwest. They're already past Iron Mountain and still traveling, which means they could be getting into eastern Minnesota up above Duluth some time tomorrow."

"It sounds as though they might be on their way to meet the Campolos the same way the Bronx Bombers did," Morrison said.

"That's what I was thinking," Peabody said, "and that would probably mean they're walking into the same kind of reception. Still it ought to be a help in locating the Campolos. We've got people picking up the two Detroit cars all along the way."

"Maybe what I ought to do is look for that boat," Morrison said. "Either it's still sailing around or they've docked it somewhere. Either way it shouldn't take us too long to find it."

He hung up a few moments later and spoke to Roberts. "We're going to have to contact the local police all along the shore here. We'll call up Duluth first and get an exact description of the launch, and then we'll get these fellows out looking for it. If we find the boat, there's a pretty good chance the Campolos will be somewhere close by. It looks like they've got another party coming up. This one for some people from Detroit. And it would be nice if we could crash it."

"I'll get going on that boat situation right now," Roberts said.

"Yeah, we got to move quick on that one," Morrison said.

It was close to sunrise. Both he and Kline were given breakfast in the station, then taken to a room with two cots in it so they could lie down. They talked a while, with just their shoes off, then dropped off to sleep. Roberts awakened some three hours later.

"Well, we located the launch," he said. "It's been beached at a place called Red Dog's Revenge about 40 miles below the Canadian border. The name comes from some kind of an Indian uprising that took place there 40 or 50 years ago. We've got something else for you, too. A woman with a foreign accent did some shopping in a grocery store up around there early this morning. She bought enough to feed an army. No one had ever seen anyone like her around there before. Sexy. Too much style. That kind of thing—she might just be one of those 'animals' Watt was talking about."

"Sounds that way, doesn't it?" Morrison said. "What kind of country is that up there?"

"Like what you'd imagine Siberia is like," Roberts said. "Bleak, cold, empty. Some trapping and hunting is done there and then you'll see an occasional farm house every five or six miles. You'll hit a couple of grocery stores, a couple of garages, a farm equipment outlet and that would be it."

Morrison spoke to Kline. "What do you think, Bud? Think they're going to meet up with those Detroit people and take them out on the launch and give them the same treatment they gave the Bombers?"

Kline shook his head. "I wouldn't think they'd take the boat out again. Too much chance that it's being watched. No, my guess is they've holed up in one of those farm houses and they'll meet them there."

"I'd be inclined to agree," Roberts said. "Incidentally, there was a call from Peabody in Washington a little while ago. He said those two Detroit cars are moving across the top of Wisconsin and still heading for northern Minnesota."

"It sounds to me like we ought to get up there," Morrison said. "We'll need a car."

Roberts said he could supply one, and he brought out some large, detail maps of the Superior coast. "There are a lot of high reeds along the edge of the beach at Red Dog's Revenge and they could probably pretty nearly hide the boat in them."

"How long would it take us to drive there?"

"I'd say about six hours."

"What kind of an edge does that give us on those Detroit cars?"

"Maybe three or four hours."

"We're not going to have time to stop to eat," Morrison said. "Could you make up some sandwiches for us to eat on the way?"

"Sure thing," Roberts said.

"Stay close to the phone," Morrison said. "We might be calling you."

"I wasn't thinking of going any place," Roberts said.

Morrison and Kline drove north in a six-year-old stationwagon that had had a lot of use. "It's the best I could do," Roberts apologized. Both men's jackets had deep slash pockets in them and they each carried a machine pistol in one and a knife, a blackjack and a pair of brass knuckles in the other.

Kline did the driving and Morrison idled with the radio trying to bring in some music and cursing whenever it was interrupted for a commercial. At one point he laughed for no apparent reason and when

Kline asked him what was funny he said, "I was thinking of Watt sitting there in his blanket and that hundred-dollar hat."

The weather was cold, the sky overcast. It seemed to them they felt snow coming and here and there they saw a little on the ground, but never enough to slow them up. The road they travelled ran within a quarter of a mile of the shore and sometimes they were close enough to see the water hitting on the beach in choppy waves, whipped up by a strong wind. They had a pair of binoculars in the glove compartment and Morrison looked through them a few times and cursed disgustedly.

"It's like being on the moon," he said once. "It's like we're riding off into nowhere."

It was midafternoon when they reached Red Dog's Revenge, which was just a cluster of stores and houses looking as though they'd been dropped by mistake. They located the grocery store where the foreign woman had been seen that morning, but it was closed. Nils Peterson's Farm Equipment outlet was open, however, and they went inside finding it a large, modern operation handling both new and used equipment, with a small but well-equipped repair shop attached. Peterson was a small, cheerful man, baldheaded and wearing bifocal glasses.

To Morrison's question as to what such a modern operation was doing so far off the beaten path, he said, "Well, you've got to realize we're the only place of this kind for hundreds of miles. People come from the most ungodly distances to buy and trade with us. So we've got a pretty large customer list even though they're spread all over hell and gone. See that baby out there?"

He pointed to a huge bulldozer outside the building, its horizontal blade raised high in front of it. "Thirty-two tones. Biggest there is. Fellow who sold me that drove it over 200 miles to get it here. Big as a mountain, isn't it? It'll sit there two months, six months, who knows? Then one day somebody's going to decide to clear some land—stumps, boulders, you know—and I'll sell it to him, or maybe rent it. I'll make myself some nice money out of it."

"Big as a mountain is right," Kline said. "Put some armor on it and you've got yourself a regular tank."

"Ten-gauge steel," Peterson laughed. "That would do it, and I've got some right in the machine shop, too. Put on some of that ten-gauge steel and I could sell it to the United States Army for a tank. Well, what can I do for you fellows?"

"We're supposed to meet some people someplace around here," Morrison said. "Group of ten or 12 or so. Came in on a boat. Seen anything of them?"

"Well, there's a fishing boat tied up out there someplace," Peterson said waving at the lake. "Came in early some time this morning. And then there was a foreign woman buying groceries around 8 o'clock. Could that be them?"

"Yeah, that's them," Morrison said. "Any idea where they're staying?"

"Oh, they could be anyplace," Peterson

said. "There's houses out here owned by people in Duluth that never even saw them. They just keep them to rent out to people that want to hunt or fish or whatever. Your friends could be in one of those places."

"Yeah, I guess they could," Morrison said. "Well, we'll scout around a little and probably run into them before too long."

They went back outside and got into the car and Morrison said, "Well, they're around here someplace, only where. Let's find the boat and see what that does for us. Head straight down to the water."

They drove down to the edge of the lake and got out of the car when the growth of reeds there prevented them from driving any further. Morrison said, "According to that map of Roberts', it's up here a little north of town. I guess we walk."

They started walking, the breath coming from their mouths in white puffs. It was getting very cold and the sun was sinking. Suddenly Morrison took Kline's arm, motioned him not to say anything and pointed ahead of them. Above the reeds there was what had to be the upper part of a large launch. He put his mouth to Kline's ear. "I'm going up and take a look at it. You go on back to the car. If I'm not back there in half an hour, go back to Peterson's place and call Peabody in Washington. Tell him the situation and ask him what he wants you to do."

Kline nodded and started back and Morrison went forward reaching the launch in a few minutes. An old car stood on the shore close to it. The launch had been pulled well into the reeds so that the rough waters of the lake were barely rocking it. Morrison jumped onto it and walked slowly around the deck, looking for anything he might find useful. Nothing caught his eye, however. There were

the nets, the cables, the routine fishing gear and so forth, and that was about all. He completed his circuit of the deck and jumped back onto the shore and as he landed a voice said, "Hold it."

He saw nobody at first, but then the doors of the car swung open and a man got out on one side and a woman on the other. The man was squat and heavy-jowled. He wore a black, turtle-neck sweater under a jacket and a shortcoat and he held a revolver aimed at Morrison's belly. The woman was taller than he, black haired and slender and wearing a fur coat and black boots. As she came out of the car she was reaching inside her coat adjusting her skirt.

"Wasn't it a little cold for that in the car?" Morrison said.

"Oh, he's one of those clever ones, Leon," the woman said, her voice slightly accented.

"What are you doing here?" the man called Leon said. "Who told you you could go on the boat?"

"I just saw it sitting there and decided to look it over. I'm interested in boats," Morrison shrugged.

Leon frowned, looked uncertain and then spoke rapidly to the woman in French. Morrison couldn't understand any of it. The woman shrugged her shoulders irritably as Leon spoke and when he was finished she said, "Oh, just give him a kick in the rear and forget about it. Everyone is getting so paranoid. He's nothing this one, I assure you. Just give him a kick in the rear and let's go back. It's getting dark."

"No, Raymond was very clear about this," Leon argued. "If anything like this happened, he said we should bring the person in, so that's what we'll do." He waved his gun at Morrison. "In the front here, mister. I'll be right behind you with

my gun at the back of your neck. You drive, Anna."

The woman said: "Oh, what a stupid bore." But she did as he said and got in behind the wheel, Morrison next to her and the other man behind him. They moved slowly through sand and reeds until they reached the road, as they started along it, gathering speed, Morrison looked into the rear view mirror seeing the man behind him holding the gun to the back of his neck. He hoped Kline was aware of what had happened.

They sped north for about half an hour, while the woman complained: "What a bore! What a waste of time." But she kept up her speed. She was pretty in profile, Morrison realized, and she had a good body. She had opened her coat because it was warm in the car. He could see her breasts pressing firmly against the knitted material of her dark blouse and the sleek smoothness of her stockinged thighs where she had drawn her dress up so she could work the pedals more easily. She looked at him at one point and laughed and spoke to Leon. "If you knew what was in his mind the way I do, you'd shoot him right here and now." But Leon was too interested in keeping Morrison covered to bother answering.

They left the road after a half hour and moved bumpily over rutted ground. The lights of a two-story frame house came into view a short way ahead of them. As they drew to a stop, several men came outside. They drew revolvers when they saw Morrison getting out of the car and prodded him into the house. Leon spoke to them rapidly in French, undoubtedly explaining why they had brought him. Inside, other men came to join them and stare at him. A blond woman came from another room, widening her eyes as though in pleasure and murmuring, "Just when things were getting so dull, too."

In moments they had formed themselves about him, making themselves comfortable on the much-used chairs and couches or sprawling on the floor. Now a tall man with a receding hairline approached him and spoke pleasantly, conversationally, accenting his words the same way the others had. "Leon says you were snooping about on our boat. Why were you snooping about on our boat, *monsieur*?"

"I wasn't snooping. I saw it sitting there and took a look at it. I like boats."

The tall man nodded as though he understood. "Ah, so that's it. You like boats." Without any indication that it was coming, he drove a fist at Morrison's lower body, but Morrison slid sideways so that he took it glancingly, not doing any damage. The tall man grinned approvingly. "That was good. That was professionally good. It helps explain what I take to be a small arsenal in your pockets there." His hands went to Morrison's jacket and he took out the machine pistol, the knife, the blackjack and brass knuckles. "Poor Leon," he said, "he was so upset at being interrupted, he didn't even think to search you."

Some of the others laughed appreciatively. Leon muttered, "I had my gun against the back of his neck. What dif-



"In this property settlement, the wife, hereafter referred to as the milker, receives from the husband, hereafter referred to as the milkee,—"

ference did it make what he had in his pockets?" No one paid any attention to him. They were all watching Morrison and the tall man. Someone gathered up Morrison's weapons. Leon sat down on the floor in front of Anna, the woman he'd been in the car with. He lifted her hand to his face, taking her fingers in his mouth, first one then another. The woman didn't look at him. Like everyone else, she was watching Morrison and the tall man.

The tall man said, "Those are a trained man's weapons. That was a trained man's move you made when I punched at you. Who are you? What were you doing on our boat?"

The telephone rang in another room. A man went to answer it, spoke for a few moments and then returned, grinning broadly. "Our friends from Detroit, Raymond. They'll be here in two hours."

The tall man frowned. "I hope that's all that will be here in two hours. I don't like this one suddenly appearing." He thrust his face at Morrison's, shouting. "Who are you? What were you doing on our boat? What were you looking for?"

The faces looking in at him were tense, some of them damp as with expectation. Still squatting on the floor, Leon had his arms around Anna's leg, clinging to it, and the woman was bent over him, still looking at Morrison and Raymond, but with her hand working its way under Leon's belt into his trousers.

Morrison said: "I was carrying the toys because I like them. I was on your boat because I like boats and I wanted to look it over." Even before he was finished, Raymond barked, "Marcel" and turned abruptly away from him.

Now from somewhere else in the house, the "animal" Marcel came into the room, an enormous man, dull-eyed and brutish. He wore a pair of dark trousers and a clean white shirt, open at the neck. He was clean shaven, his hair clipped short all over. Why wait? Morrison moved toward him, crouching, faking, then throwing a straight right that sent shock waves along his arm as it exploded into the middle of Marcel's face, smashing his nose and sending a gush of blood halfway across the room. But the "animal" roared and stood his ground and then came forward, moving in quick, small steps. Morrison flung himself aside, but a lunging shoulder caught him with sickening power and threw him up against a wall.

"Ah, Marcel! Beautiful! He is no more than a kitten for you, Marcel. Crush him, Marcel, crush him!"

The "animal" came at Morrison again. He darted one way, then the other, but Marcel matched his moves and rammed full into him, battering him into the wall again, then drawing back and doing it still again. They loved it. Their faces were wild with the joy it gave them. Dazed, Morrison lay back against the wall and Marcel grunted in the effort and hit him still again. Morrison's legs turned to straw and he slid to the floor. It was like being battered by a wild bull, a rampaging elephant.

"Trample him, Marcel!" Morrison struggled to his feet, pushing upwards with his back against the wall. His body

felt weak and soft as jelly inside. He peered through blood at the panting "animal" and saw him in a spinning blur. Faces swung past him.

The wall was against his back. He was sagging against it. Marcel was directly ahead of him, drawing in his breath, getting ready to come at him still again. "Can't take any more of that. Couldn't manage it —" If he went down again, he'd never make it back up. Marcel would trample him, beat his head in as he'd done to one of those on the boat, knife him open as he'd done to one of the others. And the Campolos would laugh and love it, getting their strange, sick pleasures out of the sheer viciousness of it. He lunged forward himself, hardly realizing he was doing it. His head and shoulders hit into the "animal" at a time he didn't expect it, so that despite himself he was driven backwards with Morrison still driving against him. "The window..." One of the Campolos screaming it. Then Marcel was back against the window, crashing back through it with Morrison coming through it right after him, hitting the ground in a splintering of wood and broken glass.

Suddenly, Kline's station wagon raced toward him out of the darkness. The door next to the driver swung open and Kline reached across the seat for him. He ran toward it, staggering, stumbling and with shots thudding into the ground behind him and ripping over his head. He found the door, found Kline's outstretched hand, and was dragged inside. "Jesus, you're a mess! Your face! What did they do?" But even as he was shouting his startled words, Kline was yanking the vehicle into a screeching U-turn and heading for the road.

Behind them a gigantic figure rose up and lumbered after them, and a voice could be heard from the house. "Get him, Marcel. You must get him."

It took them about 20 minutes to reach Peterson's farm equipment dealership and machine shop. Morrison growled and cursed all the way. "Fix them bastards! Turn that big son of a bitch loose to play with me, will they?" He spat blood. There were times the words were cut off dead as he was taken by a spasm of pain.

They jumped out of the car in front of Peterson's and Morrison ran around to pound on the door. The owner came down from his rooms upstairs a few minutes later. He had gotten dressed. He looked indignant, his eyes still heavy with sleep. "What do you think?"

Morrison pointed a quivering hand at the giant bulldozer they'd talked about earlier. "I want it."

Peterson was astounded. "What do you mean?"

"You'll get paid," Morrison roared. "I'm with the United States Government. You'll get paid. Now do what I say. I want that big bastard and I want some of that 10-gauge steel of yours slammed onto it. Three sheets—one right in front and two others on the side."

Peterson's eyes were wild with fear and confusion. "You must be crazy. Why should I."

Morrison grabbed him by the shirt, threw him against the wall. "Do what I

say, goddamn it."

Kline picked Peterson up, speaking to him quickly. "Look, he's right, we are with the Government. I know it's wild, but you better do what he says. I've never seen him like this before. Someone must have run over him with a truck and it did something to his brain. Do what he says. It's the best way."

Shaking visibly, Peterson unlocked his machinshop. Then he drove the bulldozer into it. "I'll need help," he muttered. "The steel is so heavy. I'll have to weld it. You'll have to help me get it in place." They did what he said, Morrison growled and spat blood while Kline watched him narrowly. When they had a minute that he didn't need them, Kline called Roberts on the telephone, talking rapidly and telling him what had happened. "I don't know what's coming next. You wouldn't know him—"

Two cars whirled through heading northward. "The guys from Detroit," Morrison growled. A few minutes later another car screeched up to the machine shop coming from the other direction. Morrison grabbed up a heavy sledge and ran toward it as the giant, Marcel, stepped out wielding a butcher knife and rumbling, "I'll fix you this time!" But in that instant Morrison's sledge rose and dropped, falling full on Marcel's forehead and dropped him to the ground like an ox.

Peterson screamed and squeezed himself into a corner of the shop. "I can't stand any more." He'd gotten two of the heavy steel plates in place, the one in front and the one on the left side, but it was obvious he was past being able to do anything more. Morrison jumped onto the bulldozer, backed it out of the shop, got down. "Help me with this guy." He was tugging at the unconscious Marcel.

"What?" Kline didn't know what he wanted.

"Help me with him. Get some rope. He's going up in front there."

"You're crazy!"

"Yeah, I'm crazy. Now help me with him."

They hauled Marcel up, got him into place across the front of the bulldozer, spread-eagled him there and tied him to the steel plate Peterson had welded on. He moaned and mumbled as they were doing it, coming back to consciousness slowly. Morrison got back up to the controls. Kline got up beside him.

"You don't have to go," Morrison said.

"You're so crazy, you wouldn't be able to find your way."

The huge vehicle rumbled out into the road, its caterpillar treads clanking. It picked up speed quickly, jolting along at over 30 miles an hour. A terrified howl reached them from in front of it. Marcel had come to.

"That's a hell of a thing to wake up to," Kline said.

"My nose bleeds for him," Morrison said.

They reached the place where they were to leave the road. Then they were on bumpy ground and lumbering along with Marcel's anguished howls coming back to them. Minutes later they saw the lights of the house. There were two cars in front of

it that hadn't been there earlier. "The Detroit guys."

"They see us." Figures appeared in the lighted windows. Shots cracked out. Bullets rattled off the steel plating. The "animal" screamed, howled, then went suddenly silent. The bulldozer rumbled on with heavy fire clanging against the plating.

"Hang on," Morrison yelled.

Then they plowed straight into the house, taking it frontally, battering down its front door and wall and grinding on. Men ran desperately in front of it, trying to escape it, and the screams of the two women spiralled up like caliope music. The monstrous vehicle more than filled the room it had burst into and there was no getting out of its way. Men fell before it and were mashed flat. Others quirmed through a rear door further into the house, but some got wedged there and screamed in unbearable agony as the bulldozer reached them and ground relentlessly on.

"Damn thing's going by itself," Morrison roared to Bud Kline. He wasn't handling the bulldozer, guiding it. He was just keeping it moving, grinding it forward, bulling through one wall after another until it burst out the back of the house. Men were running to escape it there, streaking out over the flat landscape. But now cars and motorcycles shot out after them and a helicopter floated up overhead.

"That's Roberts," Kline shouted. "I called him back at Peterson's. He said he'd get as many police as he could from this area and get them to come here. You can stop this damn thing now. They can handle it."

Morrison brought the bulldozer to a stop and they both got off it. They went around in front and looked at the body of the "animal", Marcel, hanging there, all but torn apart by the bullets it had taken. They looked back at the house and saw a pile of splintered wood with a couple of outer walls still standing, but everything else crumbled in.

There were several results to the incident just described. The Campolos changed their mind about invading the American drug market. The destruction of their extermination squad convinced them that they would encounter too much opposition. So although they are still the dominant force on the international drug scene, they continue to represent themselves on the American market only through American-based rings.

The situations in New York and Detroit changed radically, with new powers moving in to replace those decimated on the freighter, *Colin McFee*, and on the shore of Lake Superior.

Bud Kline continues to take on various assignments for the Government as his special skills become useful. But Steve Morrison, although fully recovered from his six broken ribs and the damage Marcel did to his liver and kidneys is no longer asked to do so. It has been decided that his methods are too unorthodox, too far removed from normal procedures.

"Too unpredictable," his official report reads. "We can't afford to use him any more." □

WOMEN'S PORNOGRAPHY

(Continued from page 32)

novation. The cameraman, without waiting for direction, swung his camera up the girl's loins, across her heaving belly, and onto the breasts to record the vigorous caresses.

As the cameraman continued to shoot the more than hundred feet of film, he mentally catalogued the forthcoming scenes which the director would require for the alternate version. The actor masturbating the actress. Intercourse with the man on top, woman on bottom. Both scenes would be the reverse of what he had already filmed.

The technician glanced at his watch. It was close to five o'clock. He could almost taste the dry martini with a twist of lemon. The couple took up the intercourse position. Waiting for contact to be made before he filmed, the cameraman hoped there would be no "accident" before the next scene, and cause another hour's delay. After all, it was Friday and he disliked working overtime before the weekend. Besides, he was looking forward to his date with the film's leading lady at a Sausalito motel overlooking the bay.

Pornographic movies for women? For many Americans, the thought of erotica especially designed for females seems hard to believe. Yet, the demand for such movies has become so great in the last year that no producer of sex-exploitation films would think of making one without taking the female point of view and preference into account. Recently, a Los Angeles movie house owner told a meeting of blue-movie makers that his audience had changed drastically within six months. "Where it was rare to see a girl in a skin-flick house in early 1971," he said, "they now make up close to 35% of my admissions."

Most of the film makers took the theater owner's statistic seriously. Those who didn't start making "woman's version" movies seriously altered the scenario and cast of their films. As Larry Lewis, a 30-year-old producer from Atlanta, George, told me. "You used to be able to get away with a male bag of bones if the chicks were good looking or had big boobs. Now, the guy has to be a real stud, young, muscular, well developed. And you have to vary the camerawork. You have to show both people having pleasure. The girl in the audience wants to identify with the actress *giving* and *getting* pleasure."

Motion pictures are not the only media that has recognized the dollar potential of women interested in specially tailored erotica. Late last year, Maurice Girodias, the founder of Olympia Press and the man who had introduced such major writers of erotica as Henry Miller, Guillaume Apollinaire, and Vladimir Nabokov to Americans, announced proudly that he was starting Orlando Press, a sister company publishing "erotic books for women, written by women."

As editor-in-chief, Girodias appointed

30-year-old Ann Rosenberg, a beautiful brunette who told the press she would like to spark off a new wave of women writers who would be sexy, erotic, frank, unashamed, even complicated. "I'm looking for women writers," she added, "who'll feel things through their bodies, not just through their eyes."

The fact that there was a huge, untapped market for feminine-oriented pornography came as no surprise to me and many of my colleagues in the field of psychology and medicine. Many of us had either interviewed or treated enough women to realize that one of the greatest misconceptions about sexual conduct is that women are not aroused by erotica. For years, we had read or heard that most women either resented pornography or failed to be stimulated by it. The truth, we found out, was entirely different. Women, like men, were sexual animals. What elicited pleasurable responses in men must do the same in women.

The problem, of course, was that people who claimed women were indifferent to erotica were oblivious to two important facts. Number one, most pornography was designed for males, not females. Naturally, women failed to become excited by photographs of females in erotic positions, or by literature that dwelt exclusively on pleasures achieved by men through intercourse or fellatio or on female's breasts and genitals.

Proof of this last fact can be found in Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey's books on the sexual lives of American men and women, in which he repeatedly offered statistics indicating that women are just as easily titillated by erotica's charms as men. However, he was the first to admit that within his 15,000 volume collection of erotica—the world's third largest—there were very few works aimed at women. Among the few he cited were an array of Japanese "pillow books"—illustrated sex manuals that are kept close at hand by Japanese newlyweds.

Fact number two ignored by those who denied women were stimulated by pornography was the natural reluctance of women to admit they liked it. Women were not expected to like erotica. This feeling was summed up perfectly by *Diana K.*, a 25-year-old divorcee whom I had been treating since her marriage broke up. During the course of one of our sessions, this attractive executive secretary told me that her ex-husband had often rented blue films to show her.

Q. Did you enjoy them?

A. I'd say not for most of them, the real crude jobs. But, every so often, there would be a well-made one with beautiful people that really turned me on.

Q. Did you tell your ex-husband you enjoyed the better made blue films?

A. Hell, no. I'd just look bored.

Q. Why the deception?

A. Are you kidding? I didn't want my husband to think I was a slut with hot pants. No, I preferred to play it cool—at least until we got into bed together.

Q. But, he was your husband. Couldn't you be honest with him?

A. I guess the answer's no. Look, before I was married, I used to date guys who would show you dirty pictures or flicks in

order to get you excited enough to go to bed. Maybe my own husband did it, for all I know. Anyway, call it prudery or anything you want, women aren't supposed to start panting at pornography.

Given the facts that most pornography was male oriented and that women were reluctant to admit their true feelings about erotica, it is understandable that this popular misconception still lingers. Yet, the plain truth is that women are excited by pornography in much the same fashion as men. And, as more pornography is produced that consciously strives to excite women as well as men, and, as women can be more candid about their sexual desires, this misconception will disappear. Soon, the average person will ask himself not *do* women enjoy pornography, but *why* women enjoy it.

During 20 years of therapy and counseling, I have, I think, been able to get some of the reasons *why* women appreciate erotica. In most cases, I have had to elicit these reasons through direct questions. In a few cases, women volunteered them freely. In all cases, once the subject was out in the open, women talked candidly. The following excerpts from tape-recorded interviews and therapy sessions were selected not because the view expressed by the subject or patient was unique. Other women said much the same thing. The selection was based on the criterion that these women said it more clearly and more interestingly.

NUMBER ONE: JANET W.

When I first met Janet W., she was 32 years old and a psychological wreck. Her second marriage was on the rocks, and she had taken to drinking heavily. A striking redhead with green eyes and the body of an Italian movie actress, she confessed to a complete lack of enthusiasm for sexual intercourse. It was obvious that her sexual block was deep-rooted and complex, so I recommended analysis. Before she could find an analyst she felt comfortable with, however, her husband, an enterprising and well-educated chemical engineer showed her several blue films one night before having intercourse. The transformation in her feelings on sex were startling.

Q. You achieved orgasm after seeing the films?

A. Yes, but it's more than that. I've done that before. This time, though, it was so much more intense. Not only more intense, I should add, but more often. I must have had four or five orgasms.

Q. Why?

A. I'm not sure. I've given it lots of thought. I guess the reason is that, for the first time in my life watching that film, I watched women and men do something that I've always wanted to do—have a ball, let my hair down, give pleasure, get pleasure, be free. If you want to get scientific about it, I'd say it broke down my inhibitions. Somewhere in a lot of girls' minds is the thought that if you do something different—oral sex and rear entry, for example—something awful is going to happen. As I watched the films, I realized this was nonsense. The people in the film were not only doing everything they wanted, but they appeared to be having

one hell of a time doing it.

You know, as I made love that night I tried to imitate everything that I had seen in the flicks. It was wild. I kind of saw myself as that girl—she was a redhead like myself, by the way—and I really swung with it.

NUMBER TWO: MARY R.

Like Janet W., pornography led to experimentation for Mary R. In her case, however, it was a live exhibition in Copenhagen. She and her husband, on vacation in Europe, had attended a sex club performance after fortifying themselves liberally with aquavit and beer at dinner. At the time they attended the live exhibition, they were both 25 years old, and had been married at 18 while childhood sweethearts in high school. Neither had ever had intercourse with anyone else except their lawfully wedded mates.

Unlike Janet W., Mary R.'s sexual relationship with her husband was excellent at the time of her introduction to erotica. It was not, as the reader can see, a question of inhibitions, but rather of knowledge.

Q. You didn't feel liberated after seeing the live performance?

A. It wasn't a question of liberation. I just didn't know about things like that. I know that sounds strange, but it's true. Most sex manuals, for all their so-called forthrightness, don't talk about things those people on the stage were doing. They usually have some fancy word like "foreplay," or "arousing." Who knows what all that means?

But, let me tell you, seeing those people on stage doing things to one another was like a four-year course on sex education in an hour. I remember looking at my husband. His mouth was wide opened. He didn't have the faintest idea men and women did things like that. About halfway through the show, he put his hand on my thigh. Three-quarters of the way through, his hand had moved up all the way. He would never have dreamed of doing anything like that. I realize now he was signalling me to go. He was so anxious to get back to our hotel, I thought he would burst. He couldn't wait to try out what he had seen, and, if the truth be known, so was I.

Q. But you're seeing me because you want to divorce your husband for your lover. Do you think sexual awareness is behind your divorce?

A. No, I don't. I think I would have fallen in love with my new beau whether or not I'd seen that live exhibition. There are other reasons couples split up, you know. Sometimes I think that that show kept us together longer than we would have if we hadn't seen it. And, don't forget this: I'm not leaving my husband for sexual reasons. He was very good in bed, I can assure you of that. Nor am I going because my boyfriend does things my husband doesn't. After that show we did it all.

Q. Did you ever attend any other live shows?

A. You bet. Whenever we were in New York City for a weekend, we took one in.

Q. For instructional purposes?

A. No. For pleasure. Once you've seen a top act at work, there's nothing much new. True, you can add members to the group. But, basically, you go to see even more handsome people with even greater

finesse and control than the previous act.

NUMBER THREE: MADGE K.

Madge K. was not a patient, but the subject of an interview I conducted for a book on sexual behavior among unmarried women. A striking, petite brunette in her mid-20's, she was a perfect example of the liberated woman. She readily admitted to having had well over 150 lovers—some intense, some casual—in a seven-year span. Moreover, she had often successfully conducted multiple affairs. She did not count the men she had sex with in group encounters among her 150 lovers, because, as she put it, "I didn't even know their names." The interview had been in progress for less than 30 minutes when the topic of erotica came up.

A. I dig it. All kinds. Books, pictures, movies.

Q. Can you give me any examples of books you liked.

A. My all-time favorite is one called, *Grushenka: Three Times a Woman*. It's written anonymously, but I'm sure the author was a woman.

Q. You prefer it to such other works as Harris's *My Life and Loves* or *My Secret Life*?

A. Yes, although I like both titles you mentioned also. What I like about *Grushenka*, though, is that it's all seen through a woman's eyes. It tells how the girl feels about sex. For example, there's one scene where there's oral sex going on between Grushenka and her lover, and she actually describes the taste and odors. It knocked me out.

Q. What about *Fanny Hill*?

A. All right, but not that much. It's obvious it was written by a man. The author says you have to have love along with sex if you're a woman. That's a myth.

Q. Do you prefer the printed word to pictures of erotic acts?

A. I dig them both, as I've said. But, it is true that pictures are more striking and immediate. You don't have to use your imagination. It's there all ready for you to enjoy.

Q. What are your favorite pictures?

A. The ones I take with my Polaroid. You look surprised. Believe me, I'm not the only girl who takes pictures of her lovers. After all, men do it all the time.

Q. The men allow it?

A. Well, they're often a bit leery about it all. But, seeing it's a Polaroid—no negatives—they often go ahead with it, particularly because I shoot their bodies without showing their heads. Seeing their bodies is fun enough to me, although I sometimes, but not often, run into a swinger who doesn't give a damn. Generally, it's a casual pickup type who will be out of town the next day or has given me a phony name anyway. When I meet a guy like that, I return the favor, give him a shot of me doing something to him or just lying there naked. It's sort of like exchanging calling cards, only when you look in your wallet and find the picture, you have all kinds of nice thoughts and images to dwell on.

Q. Despite what you said, that is, there are other women who do the same, I have to admit this is the first time I've heard about it.

A. If you haven't heard about, maybe I ought to write a book. Call it, *Do-It-Your-*

NUMBER FOUR: MARLENE L.

Marlene L., a former schoolteacher was the subject of an interview although, in this case, the research was for an article on erotic aids in marriage. Now a 31-year-old mother of three, Marlene L. regarded erotica as a valuable tool for increasing sexual pleasure.

Q. When did you first come into contact with erotica?

A. At a girl's boarding school I started attending when I was 14 years old.

Q. What form did it take?

A. Various forms. There were, of course, the standard muscle boy magazines and the dirty books kids had stolen from their parents. Sex manuals seemed to us in those days to be pornographic. Occasionally, a girl would get hold of a dirty postcard which her Dad or brother had picked up in Europe, or one she had gotten from a youthful boyfriend.

Q. Did you find them exciting?

A. Exciting enough to masturbate over.

Q. And after adolescence?

A. After that, nothing. There were none at the teacher's college I attended in San Diego. I'd lost my virginity as a freshman, so I guess I had plenty of real sex to concern myself with. Erotica came back into my life after my marriage. By then, I was 25 years old. A couple we knew invited us over to their house and showed us some films. One, I remember had a girl that looked exactly like Marilyn Monroe.

Q. Were you excited?

A. Excited? No, not really. Interested, yes, excited, no. I'd never seen anything like it before. After the party was over, my husband asked if he could borrow the films as we had a projector at our house. Our host said, sure, go ahead. He and his wife had seen them so often, they were no longer that stimulating.

Well, we drove home, and were going to bed when my husband said he's like to see the films right then and there. I was kind of tired and slightly high from the booze our hosts had given us, but I said, O.K. by me. My husband brought the projector into our bedroom, then set up a sheet against the wall for a screen.

All of a sudden, I was wide awake. The first time I had seen the movies, I was curious, not excited. Now, I was excited as hell. I could hardly control myself. I threw off my nightgown and discovered that my husband had shucked his pajamas.

It was too much. Everything that went on in the film, we did in bed. We even held off so that our climaxes would coincide with that of the actors. I can think of few times in my life that we've had such fun.

Q. Another woman I spoke with talked about erotica breaking down her inhibitions. Do you think this was the case with you?

A. No, that wasn't it. My husband and I do things most blue films shy away from.

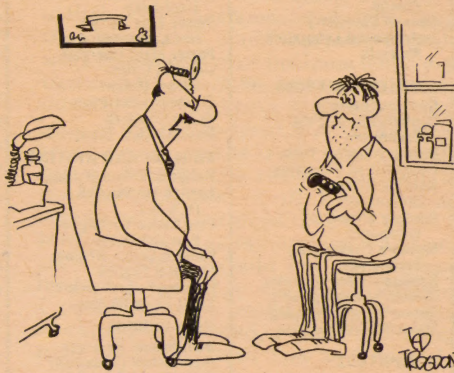
Q. Why then were the films so much more exciting the second time?

A. I don't know for sure, but I have a pretty good idea. My husband and I aren't big for group sex. If we do make it with someone else—I know I have and I suspect he has, too—we don't discuss it with each other. Sex, to us, is private. And

we're realists. When he spent two years stationed in the Far East, I just couldn't sit home every night and dream about sex. I had to do something. Knowing how I felt, I couldn't believe he was going to sit home each evening reading newspapers.

Q. I'm not sure I follow you.

A. All right, let's go back. These people showed us blue films. As I said, they were interesting, not exciting. I think this was so because I couldn't get any immediate relief. I wasn't going to have my husband make it with me in front of them. Knowing that nothing was going to come of watching the films, I failed to become aroused. At home, of course, it was another matter. Lying there in bed with my husband, I knew there would be no delay. I didn't hold back on my enjoyment of erotica because I knew that once it brought me way up, I could just turn around and do anything I wanted in the encyclopedia of sex. I've always thought that pornography would be far more popular if it was shown on TV than in movie houses. Then, men and women could watch it together and use it creatively and immediately.



"Would you say it was a very sharp pain, a not so sharp pain or just a teeny weeny pain?"

Q. Given our permissive society, do you think you'll ever see pornography on TV?

A. Not in my lifetime. At least on TV regulated by the government. But, don't forget, there are other ways of enjoying pornography at home. The TV sets of the future are going to have EVR components—where you put a tape into your set and see a show on the TV screen—and when they do, the sex film makers are going to put their films on that sort of tape. Who knows, maybe paid TV will be able to get around it somehow.

NUMBER FIVE: JOANNA S.

Of all the women I interviewed about erotica, Joanna S., a 27-year-old architectural draftswoman who was married and divorced while in her teens, was the most articulate and scholarly on the subject. In the five years of collecting erotica, she had built up a collection reputed to be worth close to \$75,000. Included in her collection were such different expressions of erotica as latrine wall scrawlings and an oil painting which New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art has been longing to acquire.

Q. Why do you collect erotica?

A. Three reasons. Because it excites me and arouses my sexual instincts. Because it's beautiful to portray the body in all the multiple series of sexual positions and acts. Because erotica deals with one of the most important facets of mankind, the sexual life.

Q. I'll accept the first and third reason. But is erotica all that beautiful?

A. Good erotica is, erotica produced by artists. Now, you might say it isn't beautiful, but that would be a matter of taste. After all, there are people who collect furniture, paintings of horses, antique cars, you name it. They think they're collecting beautiful things. Maybe they are.

Q. You seem very serious about the subject.

A. I probably am serious about the subject. It is a serious subject, because it tells us a lot about how human beings feel and behave. It certainly has been on people's minds since the beginning of time. There are cave paintings in Europe that show nothing but genitalia. Women used to worship phalluses. You'd be amazed at how large some of the great collections of pornography are, and that's a testimony to how seriously it's taken. The Library of the Vatican in Rome has over 25,000 volumes and 100,000 prints. The British Museum has 20,000 volumes. The *Bibliothèque Nationale* in Paris has only 2,500 volumes, but they're choice.

Q. It sounds as if pornography is more important abroad than in the U.S.A.

A. Not true. Besides Kinsey's collection, the late J.P. Morgan spent over a million dollars for his collection, and the Library of Congress in Washington owns some 5,000 erotic works, many of them seized by the Post Office and Customs, I might add. Some of the finest collections are at our best colleges in the east and at Stanford University.

Q. You make it sound as if collecting is more important than enjoying.

A. I'm sorry if you think so. I told you earlier that it excited me. I have some interesting statues, photographs, and paintings in my bedroom, and I've rigged up a film projector I can operate from my bed. I'm just as excited by pornography as the next girl. The only difference is that I collect it.

Looking at Joanna S., as she sat there in a t-shirt, under which it was obvious she wore no bra, and faded jeans, I could readily believe that she—and her guest for the evening—had indeed enjoyed the showing of her collection in the ornate and mirror-filled bedroom. Yet, there was a question I wanted to ask her. It had been forming in my mind for many months over hundreds of interviews. If anyone could answer it, I thought, it was this girl.

Q. There are serious people who are not fanatics or prudes, but who dislike pornography because they say it cheapens the sex act by bringing it down to the lowest level. How do you feel about that charge?

A. Look, there's good and bad pornography, just as there's good and bad music. Most critics have never seen the really good stuff.

Q. Then, you don't think using pornography cheapens sex?

A. There, you've said it yourself, "using pornography." I think it would be cheap to have pornography *instead* of sex, but I think it's great to have it *with* sex. □

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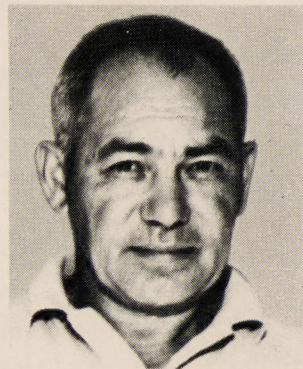
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a true story by John B. Haikey

Starting with borrowed money, in just eight years I gained financial security, sold out at a profit and retired.



"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it on a little over a thousand dollars of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise

offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount—a little over a thousand dollars—and that amount I could borrow. I could work it as a one-man business while getting a start. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop rent or other overhead. For transportation I could use the trunk of my family car. (I bought the truck later, out of profits.) But, best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And, I could build this little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible—I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning upholstered furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it *lifts out* the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture

fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist recently signed a contract for over \$40,000 a year for just one hotel.

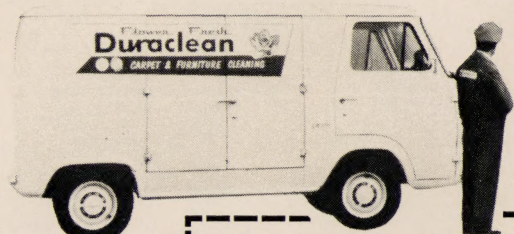
"Well, that's the business I was able to start for a little over a thousand dollars. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that's the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty."

Would you like to taste the freedom and independence enjoyed by Mr. Haikey? You can. Let us send you the facts. Mail the coupon, and you'll receive all the details, absolutely without obligation. No salesman will ever call on you. When you receive our illustrated booklet, you'll learn how we show you STEP BY STEP how to get customers; and how to have your customers get you more customers from their recommendations.

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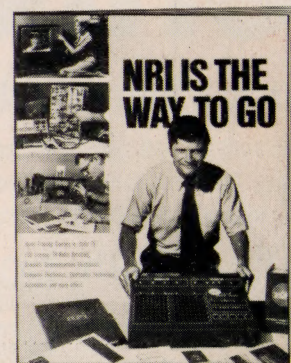
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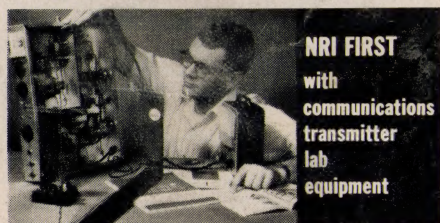
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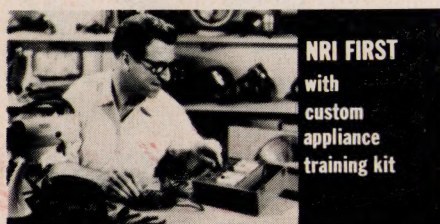
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